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Two Colored Women with the American Expeditionary Forces

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I. and II. Col. Franklin A. Denison and Lt. Col. Otis B. Duncan, the highest ranking colored officers in France. III. Col. Charles Young, the highest ranking colored officer in the United States Army. IV. Major Rufus M. Stokes. V. Major Joseph H. Ward.

Two Colored Women With the American Expeditionary Forces

By

ADDIE W. HUNTON

and

KATHRYN M. JOHNSON

Illustrated

BBOOKLYN EAGLE PRESS
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

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Dedicated to the women of our race, who gave so trustingly and courageously the strongest of their young manhood to suffer and to die for the cause of freedom.

With recognition and thanks to the authors quoted in this volume and to the men of the A. E. F. who have contributed so willingly and largely to the story herein related.

198428

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† By Addie W. Hunton.
* By Kathryn M. Johnson.

Foreword

REMARKABLE achievements are worthy of remarkable acclaim. This justifies our desire to add still another expression to those already written relative to the career of the colored American soldiers in the late World War. The heroic devotion and sacrifice of that career have won appreciative expressions from those who, from a personal point of view, know but little of the details. How much more then should they who walked side by side with those brave men in France realize the merit of their service and chant their praises. Surely they should be best able to interpret sincerely and sympathetically, lovingly and gratefully for our soldiers, as they may not for themselves, something of the vicissitudes through which they passed as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

We feel, too, that almost fifteen months of continuous service that carried us practically over all parts of France, and afforded a heart to heart touch with thousands of men, is a guarantee of the knowledge and devotion that has inspired this volume.

Memories will ever crowd the mind and cause the eye to kindle with the light of loving sympathy as we recall our months of service at the base of supplies on the coast of France. For there we were privileged to learn something of the life and spirit of the stevedores, labor battalions and engineers—more than 25,000 of them—who, through all the desolate days of war, never ceased in their efforts to connect America with Chateau Thierry, Verdun, Sedan, St. Mihiel and other great battle centers of France. There we beheld combat troops, filled with the spirit of adventure arriving fresh from America to follow the trail to the already war-worn front. And there came also those regiments that we called Pioneer Infantries, the imprints of whose deeds of duty and daring are stamped all over France.

We followed our depot companies and engineers through those isolated stretches and wastes where they performed tasks so essential in the plans for victory.

After many months we went away from the confusion of war to beautiful southern France. There we worked to make happy the days of the men who came for rest and recreation to that wonderful Alpine region of Savoie. There in the Leave Area, by the side of shimmering Lake Bourget, we learned something more of the life of our soldiers as they fought or worked on French soil. Every week, for five months or more, a thousand or so men poured into Chambery and Challes-les-Eaux, and we saw in them the gladness or depression of their service.

Far to the North we took our way, over devastated areas, and dwelt midst the loneliness of poppy-covered fields in "No Man's Land." In those Cities of the Dead, we beheld our soldiers summoned to the supreme test of their loyalty and patience in the re-burying of the fallen American heroes.

Back again to the coast we went to join in the great "Battle of Brest"—the battle for the morale of the tired, anxious soldier waiting for transportation back to home and native friendships. For six weeks, from early morning to midnight, our huts at Pontanezen echoed to the tread of thousands of feet. During that period it is estimated that fifty thousand colored soldiers passed through the camp. Battle scenes and war adventures were ended, but the memory was yet deeply poignant, and often silences revealed the depths of experiences beyond the power of all words. Because of all this, we strive to humbly recount the heart throbs of our heroes.

Again the authors have written because to them it was given to represent in France the womanhood of our race in America—those fine mothers, wives, sisters and friends who so courageously gave the very flower of their young manhood to face the ravages of war. That we then should make an effort to interpret with womanly comprehension the loyalty and bravery of their men seems not only a slight recompense for all they have given, but an imperative duty.

We believe that undervaluation is a more subtle and unkind foe than overvaluation, so that we have not refrained in our story from a large measure of praise for a large measure of loyal and patriotic service, performed ofttimes under the most trying conditions.

We have had no desire to attain to an authentic history, but have rather aimed to record our impressions and facts in a simple way. But wherever historical facts have been used, it has been largely to justify the measure of praise accorded and to offset the criticisms of prejudiced minds.

This volume is written at a time when, after the shock of terrific warfare, the world has not yet found its balance —when, in the midst of confusion, justice and truth call loudly for the democracy for which we have paid.

If for all time the world is to be free from the murderous scourge called war, it must make universal and eternal the practical application of the time-worn theory of the brotherhood of man. May this volume written in all love and truth, though perhaps imperfectly, serve to lift some souls nearer to this ideal.

THE POTENT HOUR

The hour is big with sooth and sign, with errant men at war.

While blood of alien, friend and foe, imbues the land afar,

And we with sable faces pent, move with the vanguard line,

Shod with a faith that springtime keeps and all the stars opine.

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

The Call and the Answer

THE great thrilling, throbbing spirit of war did not reach the United States until that memorable spring of 1918. Then it came in a mighty tidal wave of vitalized force and energy. Our country, woefully late, was at last awakened to terrific speed. Great human cargoes and innumerable tons of supplies held transports and ships to their guards. Cities, towns and villages were suddenly transformed into great inspirational centers of war activity. Meanwhile we were watching the map of France, noting with deep anxiety the stubborn resistance of the war-weary French to the slow but certain advance of the enemy. Once again it moved with pitiless and determined face toward Paris—the heart stream of all France. Although General Joffre had once checked the German raiders and sent them to confusion and death, their lesson was not yet learned and they were again throwing human force against the principles of right. But now that so many of the heroes of France had fallen, how would the foe be met? Surely there was urgent need of a strong army to stand at the Marne once again.

The American Forces already in France were calling not only for help, but haste. Suddenly, we found ourselves included in this call with passport in hand. Not all at once did its full significance come to us, but in those waiting days, as we sat at our desk and tried to concentrate on

war-work at home, quite unconsciously, we would find the passport in our hands and our eyes searching the war map on the wall. Slowly we began to realize that we were to make an effort to reach "over there" where thousands of our own men had gone and other thousands must go.

Then one dark afternoon, as the rain came down in torrents, the buzz of the telephone at our elbow told us our time had come. We asked no questions, for those were days of deep secrecy, but looked for the last time at the war map in the office—studied it as never before, wondering where in that war-wrecked country across the Atlantic we would find our place of service. We breathed a little prayer, said good-bye to our fellow workers, knowing that tomorrow we would be on the ocean eastward bound and went out to meet her who was to try the unknown with us and who would prove the faithful companion of all our "overseas" life. There was no sleep that night for us; friends came and went, and two ever faithful ones lingered lovingly for the last possible service.

Of necessity, in those days, there were strict laws and many sentries at the docks, so that when we entered there was little hope of rejoining our loved ones for a second adieu. We took the precaution, however, to beg them to wait for a final sign of parting and while going through the ordeal of having baggage examined and passed, learned that our sailing time had been delayed four hours. We determined upon an effort to rejoin those waiting so patiently outside the dock. Making

a wide detour, we passed quietly by the sentry who was striding to and fro with gun on his shoulder. Now whether he could not quite grasp the fact that colored women were really going to join the American Expeditionary Forces, or had seen the close clinging hug given one of the women by the little lad and lassie near him—or whether the twinkle in our eye did it, we do not know—but we passed, and in that very act much of the sadness of our parting was removed. We rode across Fourteenth Street, a jolly party, had our lunch and returned to the dock, where from an upper pier with smiles and tears all mingled, we waved a final adieu.

How wonderful is love at such a time! There they stood lovingly and lingeringly—the cousin of one of us who had come all the way from the Middle West for this leave-taking; two brave children with the dear little woman whose true and tried devotion made us know that she would mother them as her own till we came back to take her place; and that other friend with whom we had crossed in peaceful days, joyously roaming over England and the Continent. That last picture remained with us, to cheer us for all the months of our absence.

And now there was no turning back. Months ago the war zone was just six hundred miles from the coast of France—but now the United States was at war, and as we stepped on the gang plank, war-zone passes were surrendered. We were crusaders

on a quest for Democracy! How and where would that precious thing be found?

What a spectacle was that sun-lit bit of New York harbor that June afternoon! All about us were transports filled with khaki-clad men, crowding port holes, every bit of deck and perched on every beam. These thousands of youths of fearless and deathless spirit, would quickly follow us over there, and many of them, in war's thunderous tumult, quickly pay the supreme sacrifice. How they whistled, sang and cheered as our little French liner, *Espagne*, steamed slowly away from them to brave alone the sea peril of that time!

First to the south and then to the east we sailed over seas of glass, with never a storm or gale, but tremendous speed. They were cheerful days, although they were ever-watchful ones, with life-belts close at hand. No lights showed on deck at night nor on the whole horizon. Yes, just once! By the big blazing cross at the foremast, we saw the form of a hospital ship, bringing its toll of human wreckage to the waiting hands and hearts of its native heath.

For all the trip there was no anxious face or word that revealed the danger that so constantly lurked near us. Even the frequent summons for life-boat drills were answered with mirthful banter. An unfailing, kindly courtesy, and, in many cases, real comradeship marked the fellow-workers with whom we crossed. Perhaps it was due to the quiet but wonderful personality of the leader of this group, Mr. William Sloane, Chairman of the

War Council of the Young Men's Christian Association. The four hundred Polish recruits entertained us with song, verse and dance; while usually we had music and movies in the salon. Our Sunday afternoon at sea, we sat in the dining salon with the sun's rays stealing through the closed portholes and falling upon us in long, flickering, gold lines. Dr. Henry S. Coffin talked to us in his forceful way of heroes of old. Some one sang "Speed Away," and then there was a triumphal outburst of "Eternal Father Strong to Save!" The morning of the ninth day we entered the Gironde River and steamed slowly between vine-clad heights, overtopped by stately chateaux; between flowering meadows, with picturesque villas, up to Bordeaux. It was thus we "Answered the Call."

That for which millions prayed and sighed,
  That for which ten thousands fought,
For which so many freely died,
  God cannot let it come to naught.

James Weldon Johnson.

First Days in France

THERE are many American boys now who are quite familiar with the Louvre, Boulevards, Notre Dame and Napoleon's Tomb at Paris but who know absolutely nothing of the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Avenue and its Cathedral, or Grant's Tomb. The many ports of France were particularly the home of the colored soldiers, so that landing at Bordeaux it did not seem strange to be greeted first of all by our own men. But it did seem passing strange that we should see them guarding German prisoners! Somehow we felt that colored soldiers found it rather refreshing—even enjoyable for a change—having come from a country where it seemed everybody's business to guard them.

Bordeaux was singularly the home of colored soldiers. They were in the camps there by the thousands. In fact, as we landed at Bordeaux, it seemed every man's home. So crowded and varied was its population, one could almost believe that during the nine days of silence on the ocean, Paris had been passed by the enemy. There were many Colonial troops, Chinese laborers and, more or less maimed French soldiers. The French government had been removed to that city in which the blending of the finest in old and new architecture made it a charming substitute for Paris. Sitting in the park that evening, looking out upon the teeming life about us, with crowds of black-robed women

and helpless soldiers filling in the picture, there came to us our first definite realization of the cost of war.

Our first dinner in France, with butter and real ice cream, was an unfortunate delusion, for it in no way prepared us for all the lean days to follow. Especially not for the war-breakfast the next morning—a thick piece of dark bread, a hard-boiled egg and a cup of black coffee—all thrown at us in unsweetened confusion; for while we waited for sugar, we were informed that for the future we must use a liquid substitute supplied us in bottles.

But Paris was our destination, and we rode all day over that part of France so full of historical memories—past Tours with its Cathedral of Royal Staircase and Towers; past Blois with its chateau of historical pre-eminence; past Orleans, over which the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc eternally hovers—on to Paris.

Rue d'Aguesseau! Who does not know it now! That short, narrow street made famous by the Young Men's Christian Association. For there were the Headquarters of that organization for all its vast service to the American Expeditionary Forces. It was to 12 Rue d'Aguesseau that the precious letters from home were sent. There, in the crowded foyer, they were read and often answered. There friends were met and conferences held. How can any Y secretary who went through it all ever forget the intricate processes of "Movement Orders" and "Transportation" that somehow carried one all over the building and

1. The Park at Bordeaux. 2. The Foyer at the Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, Paris.

included several excursions from the first to the fifth floor, with the perverse little elevator generally out of order! Really it was far better named *ascenseur,* for when on rare occasions it did respond to the push of the button and take one up, there was always the warning sign not to descend in it.

It was always necessary to report to the Paris Headquarters in changing one's base of service. Hence, we have several distinct pictures of the city as we saw it at different intervals during our fifteen months in France. We remember Paris at Christmas time, 1918, when President Wilson had but recently arrived there; when the forces that had for so long fought against cold and darkness were triumphant at last. Warmth and light flooded the very soul of the city. The American was the dominating figure, but the French were riotously happy, for peace had come—a Victorious Peace! We remember, too, the Paris of the late summer of 1919, when after her great victory parade—in which all the victors participated except our own colored soldiers—she began to realize her real condition. The foreigners had mostly gone and the lights were less brilliant than in winter. It was a quiet but wise Paris, bravely facing her tremendous work of reconstruction. But the saddest picture was our first. It was the summer of 1918, Paris was again in the war zone. We entered a city of darkness and our taxicab literally felt its way to the hotel. Here and there dim green lights, heavily hooded, peeped out at us, and we learned that

they were simply guides to caves for those unhappy wayfarers caught beneath the enemy's shell. On that June night, the great Gare d'Orsay was a seething mass of aristocracy, peasantry and soldiers. The same was true of all other railroad stations, for soldiers were forcing their way to the front and refugees their way to the rear. But all life seemed concentrated in those terminals; over the city itself there was deep silence. Even the days were heavy with dark forebodings. The French went quietly to their business by day and to their cellars by night, as the Germans menaced and shattered with shell and bomb. The day of the British and Belgian soldiers in Paris had almost passed—that of the American scarce begun. The many French soldiers one saw there were, for the most part, heartbreaking in their poor torn bodies. We had just seen the children at Bordeaux who used to play among the flowers and marble statues of the parks and look from the windows now close-shuttered. We looked in vain in the Louvre, Notre Dame and other repositories for their priceless treasures, but they were hidden, and ugly sandbags hugged the architecture against the ruthless attacks of the foe. True, the shop-keeper tried to extol and press her wares upon us as of old, but, with the above picture before us, bread tickets in our hands and meatless days, we felt most keenly that it was not the Paris in which, just ten years before, we had lived so joyously for many weeks. It was a bleeding, war-harassed city with its deadly foe pressing upon it. But faith at Paris was not wholly dead;

the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc still lived and Saint Genevieve still kept faithful vigil through the long dark hours of waiting. To such a Paris we went, and somehow seemed a part of it. The warning of the siren, air-battles by night and "Big Bertha" bombs by day were accepted as a part of grim war. Meanwhile we prepared for work in the camp.

Those last days in America and first days in France brought us into close touch with the fine spirits who guided the women's work for the War Council of the Young Men's Christian Association. In the United States, we had gathered inspiration and vision for our service from the highly efficient and spiritual chairman—Mrs. F. Louis Slade. Closely associated with Mrs. Slade was Mrs. Elsie Meade, whose warm sympathy and steady hand was such a comfort, first, to the out-going women in America, and later in France with its ever-changing camp life. There was Miss Crawford, whose alert service and cheerful word in the office at home and in France meant so much to the Y woman who sought information. Our first assignment in France was made by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and the second by Miss Ella Sachs, both of whom gave to the Young Men's Christian Association a wealth of devoted service—purely for the love of their country. There was Miss Martha McCook, who for so long stood so faithfully at the head of the women's personnel abroad. Who of the secretaries will ever forget Dr. Cockett? Giving herself first to pioneer work in the camp, she

afterwards stood as a tower of strength and knowledge to the newly-arrived secretary. Last but not least came Mrs. W. L. Wright, with her understanding and appreciation of the colored unit in France.

The colored women who served overseas had a tremendous strain placed upon their Christian ideals—but the officials whom we have mentioned, one and all, as did now and then a regional secretary like Miss Susanne Ridgeway at St. Nazaire, Miss Harris at Aix-les-Bains or the Misses Watson and Shaw at Brest, helped them to keep their faith in the democracy of real Christian service.

A whole volume of interest centers about those two weeks in Paris. The conferences from which we gathered facts and details that would find practical expression on the field; the meeting of old friends and the making of new; the full realization of the restrictions of the army and its penalties for disobedience; the fortitude and fineness of the French—all this and more crowded upon us in those days and wonderfully strengthened us for our task. And then, one day, one of us faced toward Brest and the other toward St. Nazaire to love and serve our men at those ports.

All honor is due the faithful men and women of both races at home, who by a great expenditure of time, money and energy, made possible the operation of the great plan of bringing comfort and relief to the soldiers through the Welfare Organizations overseas. And while there was disappointment in the hopes of many an honest heart, in that there were prejudices and discriminations often shown to the colored race, and sometimes injustices to the soldiers of both races, still, the army would have been a barren place had these institutions not existed. The great good that was done gives much hope for the possibilities of organized welfare effort in the future.

The Y. M. C. A. and Other Welfare Organizations

IT was our privilege to go overseas as welfare worker under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and from the time we entered active duty until we finished our work at Camp Pontanezen, we can conscientiously say that we had the greatest opportunity for service that we have ever known; service that was constructive, and prolific with wonderful and satisfying results.

The contact with a hundred thousand men, many of whom it was our privilege to help in a hundred different ways; men who were groping and discouraged; others who were crying loudly for help, that they might acquire just the rudiments of an education, and so establish connection with the anxious hearts whom they had left behind; and still others who had a depth of understanding and a breadth of vision that was at once a help and an inspiration.

It was a wonderful spirit that prompted the Y. M. C. A. to offer its vast facilities to this service; to cheer and encourage; to administer to the spiritual and physical needs; and to establish a connecting link between the soldier and the home; that home which ever kept for him a beckoning candle in the window, and a fire that was ever aglow.

And no less wonderful was the spirit of the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Knights of Colum-

bus, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Y. W. C. A.

For the privilege of serving in this capacity we shall ever be grateful, and not only for the privilege of service, but for the privilege of contact with a wonderful and soulful people; for the privilege of seeing their beautiful gardens, their fertile fields, their snowcapped mountains and winding rivers; for the privilege of gathering inspiration from their wealth of architectural beauty, their wonderful art galleries and cultural centers; and for the privilege of serving in even the smallest way to help in the preservation of the treasures of this wonderful civilization, for the generations of the future.

But to help to mar the beauty and joy of this service was ever-present war, with its awful toll of death and suffering; and then the service of the colored welfare workers was more or less clouded at all times with that biting and stinging thing which is ever shadowing us in our own country, and which marked our pathway through all our joyous privilege of giving the best that was within us of labor and devotion.

Upon our arrival in Paris we met Mr. Matthew Bullock and his staff of four secretaries, including the first colored woman, who had been ordered home as *persona non grata* to the army; this was done on recommendation of army officials in Bordeaux, who had brought from our southland their full measure of sectional prejudice.

This incident resulted in the detention of many secretaries, both men and women, from sailing for

quite a period of time, and no more women came for nearly ten months, thus leaving three colored women to spread their influence as best they could among 150,000 men.

An incident, in some respects similar, occurred in connection with the work in the city of Brest. During the days when it became the greatest embarkation port in France, at times there were as many as forty thousand men of color, at Camp Pontanezen, waiting for transportation home, and up until about the 18th of June, 1919, there was only one colored Y man there and no women. This, too, at a time when Paris had as many as forty colored men and women, who had returned from their posts of duty, and were willing and anxious for reassignment. This spectacle would no doubt have continued until the close of the work, had not the writers remained in Paris for a period of ten days, requesting continuously that they be permitted to go to Brest. They were finally admitted through the intercession of Mr. W. S. Wallace, who had become the head of the personnel department. When they arrived they were told by the secretary at the head of the woman's work for that region, that she had tried repeatedly to get colored women, but for some reason the Paris office had refused to send them. But the Paris office had said each time, upon being questioned with regard to the matter, that the office at Brest did not desire colored women secretaries. This misunderstanding came about, no doubt, when, one year previous, the first colored woman sent there had been re-

turned to Paris. With the necessary tact and investigation on the part of the proper authorities, the matter could no doubt have been very easily adjusted, when the original men in authority at Brest had been replaced by others who were more reasonable, and who had more sympathy for the colored men; in that case we would not have been confronted with the spectacle of numbers of colored workers idle in Paris for a period of from four to six weeks, just one night's ride from thousands of colored soldiers, who were necessarily centered at the great home-going port. Had they been there they could have been of wonderful service, at a time when waiting was a task that tried men's souls.

Commendable things were accomplished, however, through the limited number of colored secretaries, the sum total of whom finally became seventy-eight men and nineteen women, the rank and file of whom were splendid, giving excellent service in whatever portion of the A. E. F. to which they happened to be assigned.

Among those who gave especially valiant service were Mr. Matthew Bullock, of Boston, Mass., who served with the 369th Infantry; Mr. H. O. Cook, of Kansas City, Mo., who served with the 371st; and Mr. E. T. Banks, of Dayton, Ohio, who served with the 368th. All of these men were cited for bravery as a result of their services with the combatant troops. Mr. Banks went over the top with his men in the Vienne, La Chateau sector, of the Argonne Forest. Mr. Cook gave gallant service

in the Champagne offensive, working tirelessly until he was gassed; while Mr. Bullock could be seen at all times making his way under tremendous shell fire that he might reach his men with necessary supplies; all of these men won high praise for their services in giving first aid to the wounded.

While there is very little exception to the rule that the colored soldiers were generally and wonderfully helped by the colored secretaries, and while the official heads of the Y. M. C. A. at Paris were in every way considerate and courteous to its colored constituency, still there is no doubt that the attitude of many of the white secretaries in the field was to be deplored. They came from all parts of the United States, North, South, East and West, and brought their native prejudices with them. Our soldiers often told us of signs on Y. M. C. A. huts which read, "No Negroes Allowed"; and sometimes other signs would designate the hours when colored men could be served; we remember seeing such instructions written in crayon on a bulletin board at one of the huts at Camp I, St. Nazaire; signs prohibiting the entrance of colored men were frequently seen during the beginning of the work in that section; but always, when the matter was brought to the attention of Mr. W. S. Wallace, the regional secretary, he would immediately see that they were removed.

Sometimes, even, when there were no such signs, services to colored soldiers would be refused. One such soldier came to the Leave Area, and one day,

GROUP OF Y.M.C.A. WORKERS, INCLUDING THE THREE SECRETARIES WHO WERE CITED FOR BRAVERY

1. Miss Turner. 2. Mr. Matthew Bullock. 3. Mrs. Craigwell. 4. Misses Edwards and Rochon, and Mr. Owens. 5. Misses Phelps and Suarez. 6. Mr. H. O. Cook. 7. Miss Hagan. 8. Mr. E. T. Banks.

while on a hike to Hannibal's Pass, he confided to the writer that he was beginning to see the Y. M. C. A. from a different view-point, since he had been where there were colored secretaries. That at one time, up at the front, he had been marching for two days, was muddy to the waist, cold and starving, because he had had nothing to eat during the entire journey. He came across a Y. M. C. A. hut, went in, and asked them to sell him a package of cakes. They refused to sell it to him under the plea that they did not serve Negroes.

The writer remembers an appeal that came to her one Sunday morning while at St. Nazaire. A Sergeant in the Medical Corps desired her to use her influence to help to get him out of the guard house. On investigation she learned that he had been placed there for doing violence to a Y. M. C. A. secretary. This secretary served in a hut just two blocks from the one in which the writer served. It happened to be immediately across the street from the dispensary, where the sergeant was on duty. Instead of coming to the colored hut, he went across the street to the one nearer. The secretary, with much indignation, told him that he did not serve Negroes. The sergeant went back to the dispensary, feeling outraged. The next day this same Y. M. C. A. secretary went into the dispensary and asked for some medicine. The sergeant told him he must wait until those ahead of him were served; but the secretary persisted that he was in a hurry, and must be served at once;

whereupon the sergeant, still smarting under the insult of the day before, unceremoniously ejected him from the building.

One secretary had a colored band come to his hut to entertain his men. Several colored soldiers followed the band into the hut. The secretary got up and announced that no colored men would be admitted. The leader of the band, a white man, by the way, immediately informed his men that they need not play; whereupon all departed and there was no entertainment. Some huts would permit colored men to come in and purchase supplies at the canteen, but would not let them sit down and write, while others received them without any discrimination whatever.

Quite a deal of unpleasantness was experienced on the boats coming home. One secretary in charge of a party sailing from Bordeaux, attempted to put all the colored men in the steerage. They rebelled and left the ship; whereupon arrangements were made to give them the same accommodations as the others.

On another boat there were nineteen colored welfare workers; all the women were placed on a floor below the white women, and the entire colored party was placed in an obscure, poorly ventilated section of the dining-room, entirely separated from the other workers by a long table of Dutch civilians. The writer immediately protested; the reply was made that southern white workers on board the ship would be insulted if the colored workers

ate in the same section of the dining-room with them, and, at any rate, the colored people need not expect any such treatment as had been given them by the French.

But Y. M. C. A. secretaries were not always responsible for discriminations that occurred in the Y. M. C. A. huts. In some places, commanding officers would order signs put up. On another page is a picture of a hut located at Camp Guthrie, near St. Nazaire. The small sign just on the right of the picture says, "Colored Soldiers Only." The hut secretary here was a colored man, the Rev. T. A. Griffith, formerly of Des Moines, Iowa, and Topeka, Kan. To this hut came many white soldiers to listen to his sermons, and to get into the ice cream line at the canteen. At the same time many of the colored soldiers went to the other hut, where there was a white secretary, to be served in the ice cream line. In time these boys were told that they must get out of the line and be served at their own hut. Simultaneously Rev. Griffith was told to keep the white men out of his line, and let them be served where there were white secretaries. Rev. Griffith did not do this, but left the order to be enforced by the colonel who had made it. When the colonel saw that his order was not being recognized at the colored hut, he had the sign put up as shown in the picture. Rev. Griffith made a number of efforts to get the sign removed, but to no avail.

The following is a copy of an order issued in another section:

HEADQUARTERS CONCENTRATION CAMP
S. O. S. TROOPS—REMACOURT

Memorandum

Y. M. C. A.

There are two Y. M. C. A.'s, one near the camp, for white troops, and one in town, for the colored troops. All men will be instructed to patronize their own Y.

By order of COL. DOANE.

JOHN A. SCHWEITZER, 1st Lt. Inf.,
May, 1919. *Adjutant.*

But there were splendid men among both secretaries and army officials, who honestly and actively opposed discrimination. Mention already has been made of our personal knowledge of Mr. W. S. Wallace at St. Nazaire, who was always on the alert to see that the colored soldiers had a square deal; while at Brest we found an equally fine spirit in the person of Major Roberts, the army welfare officer.

While welfare organizations other than the Y. M. C. A. did not employ colored workers, still, we had the opportunity of observing the attitude they assumed toward the colored troops. It was a part of the multiplicity of the duties of colored Y women to visit the hospitals; here they found colored soldiers placed indiscriminately in wards with white soldiers, while officers were accorded the same treatment as were their white comrades. However, we learned that in some places, colored officers would be placed in wards with private soldiers, instead of being given private rooms, as was

Huts Showing Scarcity of Colored Secretaries and Some Discriminations Practiced

1. Hut 5, Camp Lusitania, St. Nazaire. The largest Y. M. C. A. hut in France, with full staff of three secretaries.
   From left to right—J. C. Croom, Kathryn M. Johnson, F. O. Nichols, traveling Lecturer on Civics, and Walter Price.
2. Last Y. M. C. A. hut built in France, showing sign in upper right corner, reading, "Colored Soldiers Only."

their military right; and one soldier tells how, after being twice wounded in the Argonne drive, he was taken to Base Hospital No. 56; here he, and others, waited three days before they could secure the attention of either a doctor or a nurse; but when these attendants finally came, the colored soldiers were taken from the hospital beds and placed on cots which were shoved into one end of the room where there was no heat; they then received medical attention, always after the others had been well attended, and were given the food that remained after the others had been served.

There was one notable incident of discrimination on the part of the Knights of Columbus. It occurred at Camp Romagne, where there were about 9,000 colored soldiers engaged in the heartbreaking task of reburying the dead. The white soldiers here were acting as clerks, and doing the less arduous tasks. The Knights of Columbus erected a tent here and placed thereon a sign to keep colored soldiers away. The colored soldiers, heartsore because they, of all the soldiers, German prisoners, etc., that there were in France, should alone be forced to do this terrible task of moving the dead from where they had been temporarily buried to a permanent resting place, immediately resented the outrage and razed the tent to the ground. The officers became frightened lest there should be mutiny, mounted a machine gun to keep order, and commanded the four colored women who were doing service there to proceed at once to Paris.

As a rule, only words of praise were heard for the Salvation Army, whose field of service was very small but very excellent.

The Y. W. C. A. was another welfare organization with overseas workers; their field of service was among the women welfare workers of other organizations, and the French war brides who were waiting to come to America with their American soldier husbands. No colored representative of this organization was sent over, as the number of colored women was so small that she would have had no field in which to operate. Few, if any, of the white Y. W. C. A. workers gave any attention to this little colored group, notwithstanding the fact that they were women, and Americans, just like the others. One, however, remembers a greeting of much insulting superiority and snobbishness, by one of its representatives whom she met on the street. After that she always felt it necessary to keep in places where they were not to be seen. Of course, all of them were not of this type, but there was no way of being sure of those who were not. As an organization there is no doubt that much good was accomplished by them, especially in furnishing reasonable and comfortable hotel accommodations for women welfare workers in Paris, and also in caring for the wives of soldiers who were waiting to come home, in the crowded seaport cities.

The largest Y. M. C. A. hut in France was one built at Camp Lusitania, St. Nazaire, for the use of colored soldiers. It was the first hut built for

our boys, and for its longest period of service was under the supervision of Rev. D. Leroy Ferguson, of Louisville, Ky. It reached its highest state of efficiency and cleanliness under Mr. J. C. Croom, of Goldsboro, N. C. It did service for 9,000 men, and had, in addition to the dry canteen, a library of 1,500 volumes, a money-order department which sometimes sent out as much as $2,000 a day to the home folks; a school room where 1,100 illiterates were taught to read and write; a large lobby for writing letters and playing games; and towards the close of the work, a wet canteen, which served hot chocolate, lemonade and cakes to the soldiers.

To this hut one of us was assigned, and served there for nearly nine months. The work was pleasant and profitable to all concerned, and no woman could have received better treatment anywhere than was received at the hands of these 9,000 who helped to fight the battle of St. Nazaire by unloading the great ships that came into the harbor. Among the duties found there were to assist in religious work; to equip a library with books, chairs, tables, decorations, etc., and establish a system of lending books; to write letters for the soldiers; to report allotments that had not been paid; to establish a money order system; to search for lost relatives at home; to do shopping for the boys whose time was too limited to do it themselves; to teach illiterates to read and write; to spend a social hour with those who wanted to tell her their stories of joy or sorrow.

All of this kept one woman so busy that she

found no time to think of anything else, not even to take the ten days' vacation which was allowed her every four months. In a hut of similar size among white soldiers, there would have been at least six women, and perhaps eight men. Here the only woman had from two to five male associates. Colored workers everywhere were so limited that one person found it necessary to do the work of three or four.

Just on the suburbs of St. Nazaire, about two miles from Camp Lusitania, was another hut, the second oldest for colored men in France. Here the other one of the writers spent six months of thrilling, all-absorbing service; while about six miles out, in the little town of Montoir, where thousands of labor troops and engineers had permanent headquarters, the third of the colored women to come to this section ran a large canteen, supplying chocolate, doughnuts, pie and sometimes ice cream to the grateful soldiers. This hut was far too small for the number of soldiers it had to entertain, but it was made large in its hospitality by the genial, good-natured, energetic Mr. William Stevenson, its first hut secretary, now Y. M. C. A. secretary, Washington, D. C. He started the work in a tent, and built it up to a veritable thriving beehive of activity.

There were several other localities in the neighborhood of St. Nazaire, where one colored secretary would be utilized to reach an isolated set. They usually worked in tents. Other places where Y. M. C. A. buildings, huts or tents for colored

soldiers were located, were Bordeaux, Brest, Le Mans, Challes-les-Eaux, Chambery, Marseilles, Joinville, Belleau Wood, Fere-en-Tardenois, Orly, Is-sur-Tille, Remacourt, Chaumont, and Camp Romagne near Verdun.

Rolling canteens ran out from some places, reaching points where the soldiers had no Y. M. C. A. conveniences. This was a small automobile truck, equipped with material for serving chocolate and doughnuts, and operated by a chauffeur, and a Y woman who dispensed smiles and sunshine to the ofttimes homesick boys, along with whatever she had to tempt their appetites.

The last, and perhaps the most difficult piece of constructive work done by the colored workers, was at Camp Pontanezen, Brest. It has been told in another chapter how one of the writers received Brest as her first appointment, and how she was immediately informed upon her arrival that because of the roughness of the colored men, she would not be allowed to serve them. That woman went away with the determination to return to Brest, and serve the colored men there, if there was any way to make an opening; so after finishing her work in the Leave Area, she and her coworker, who had been relieved from duty at Camp Romagne, were finally permitted to go there, as has been previously explained.

Upon their arrival, they were told that they would be assigned to Camp President Lincoln, where there were about 12,000 S. O. S. troops. Here there were several secretaries and chaplains, and the

need was greater at Camp Pontanezen, where there were 40,000 men, and only one colored secretary. The writers requested that they be located there. The appointment was held up for one day, and finally they became located at Soldiers' Rest Hut, in the desired camp.

They were told that they must retain a room in the city, as the woman's dormitory at Camp Pontanezen was filled to its capacity. But they contended that to do so would take them away from the soldiers at a time in the evening when they could be of the greatest service. Finally, it was arranged for them to stay in the hut, much to the dissatisfaction of the white secretary in charge.

The next morning before they left their room, a message was received, telling them that transportation would be at the door at any moment they desired, to take them back to Brest; that Major Roberts, the Camp Welfare Officer, had said that they must not stay in the hut. Upon investigation by Mr. B. F. Lee, Jr., the lone colored secretary at this tremendous camp, it was learned that Major Roberts had been told that the women were uncomfortable, and did not wish to stay.

Mr. Lee explained that such was not true. The Welfare Officer then visited the hut, talked with the women, recognized the situation, gave his consent to their staying, and assured them that he was willing and ready to do anything in his power to make them comfortable, and assist in equipping the hut. The white secretary, seeing that the women were going to stay, acquiesced in the situa-

tion, instead of moving out, and did everything he could to assist.

After this there was no difficulty experienced at Camp Pontanezen. The camp secretary and his staff put every means at our disposal to assist us in the work, while the head of the women's work was at all times helpful and sympathetic. From the time she received us at Brest, until our departure, she showed us every consideration and courtesy due Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

During the nearly seven weeks there, the chief of the women's work for France paid the city a visit, in order that she might, among other things, visit the colored work.

The two women remained in the same hut about two weeks, when Major Roberts gave one of the most beautiful huts in the camp to the colored soldiers. It had been occupied by the 106th Engineers, and had been built for their own private use. It contained a beautiful stage; a large auditorium, seating 1,100 people, with a balcony and boxes for officers. It also had a beautiful library and reading room, as well as a wet canteen. To this hut came Mr. B. F. Lee, Jr., and one of the women, while the other remained at Soldiers' Rest Hut, and became its hut secretary. To join them came two other women from Paris, one of whom was placed in each hut, making the total number of women secretaries, four.

The new hut was quickly gotten in order, sleeping quarters being arranged, a new library built, and

a game room made by removing partitions from under the balcony.

There were several other large huts at Camp Pontanezen, that were used for long periods exclusively by colored soldiers; but in the absence of colored women, white women, sometimes as many as five in a hut, gave a service that was necessarily perfunctory, because their prejudices would not permit them to spend a social hour with a homesick colored boy, or even to sew on a service stripe, were they asked to do so. But the very fact that they were there showed a change in the policy from a year previous, when a colored woman even was not permitted to serve them.

In nearly all the Y. M. C. A. huts, in every section of France, moving pictures would be operated every afternoon and evening. Many times before the movies, some kind of an entertainment would be furnished by the entertainment department of the Y. M. C. A. There were shows furnished by French or American dramatists; concert parties by singers and musicians of all nationalities, and frequently a lecture on health and morals. The movies and shows were the most popular forms of entertainment, and on these occasions the huts would always be crowded, as all entertainments given by the Y. M. C. A. were free.

The organization also did much to promote clean morals among the men, by the free distribution of booklets, tracts, and wholesome pictures. This literature would be placed in literature cases, and the men would select their own material, while the

pictures would be placed in parts of the hut where they would be easily visible. Some of the booklets which were unusually popular among the men were "Nurse and Knight," "Out of the Fog," "When a Man's Alone," "The Spirit of a Soldier," and "A Square Deal"; while quantities of other stories with sharply drawn morals were distributed by the thousands and thousands of copies.

All told, the Y. M. C. A., with a tremendous army of workers, many of whom were untrained, did a colossal piece of welfare work overseas. The last hut for the colored Americans in France was closed at Camp Pontanezen, Brest, on August 3, 1919, by one of the writers; the two of them having given the longest period of active service of any of the colored women who went overseas.

"These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the skies above, or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in *"The Great Adventure."**

* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Combatant Troops

IT was our greatest hope, when we left that great city of the Middle West, in May, 1918, that we might have the privilege of serving those soldiers whom we had seen march proudly away about six months before, and entrain for the city of the South, there to prepare to take their part on the great western front, in the world's greatest war. It was at once a joyous and heart-aching privilege to follow them from the spacious 8th Regiment Armory, through the penetrating breeze from Lake Michigan, in order that we might see them bid a last adieu to those who loved them most; the mothers, wives, and sweethearts who clung to the car windows and steps for a last tearful embrace, as the train prepared to move slowly away, bearing its burden of human freight, some of whom were not to return, but were to remain resting in those fields whose blood-red poppies seemed death's perfect emblem of crimson beauty.

But failing to have the privilege of serving them, we desired in all earnestness of heart to serve whatever other colored regiments were marshaled in battle array against the foe; those who were facing the shot and shell; the poison gas and liquid flame; the bombs from above and the mines from beneath; who were struggling through barbed wire entanglements, and sleeping in trenches and dugouts; who were suffering in all possible ways from the wicked ingenuity of the Germans; who

went for days without food and drink; and who offered themselves as a supreme sacrifice to help to make the world safe for democracy.

To these troops we owe much for our splendid record in the World War. They summoned with superhuman strength the courage to overcome the galling and heart-breaking discriminations which they had known before they crossed the seas; the open and public discussion as to whether colored men should be allowed to fight; the tragedy of Houston, and the resulting discouragement at Des Moines;[1] the impudence of the commanding officer at Camp Funston, and the pre-arranged and infamous plan to discredit colored officers on the battlefields; all this was sufficient to sap their very life blood before it had a chance to crimson the soil of Flanders Fields; and it was to these troops that we felt we owed all that could be given of service and devotion.

But we were not permitted to do this service for which we longed so much, and consequently our chapter on Combatant Troops must be a record of facts which we have gathered from officers and men of the different organizations who have so kindly and willingly come to our assistance. True, it is a brief record; the full record must be left to those who write the histories; but we hope it is quite sufficient to establish for all time the fact that these troops lived up to the full measure of their opportunity; that whether under white or colored leadership, they fought bravely and with undaunted courage; that their spirit of

I

Returning 15th [illegible] 369 Inf.) passing through Victory Arch [illegible]

II

Buffalo [illegible] on 5th Ave [illegible]

III

[illegible] Illinois [illegible] Inf.) receiving [illegible] of citizens of Houston

patience and long suffering enabled them to overcome even the battle of prejudice, which had followed them even into that war-torn country, and which at times was more ominous and terrible than any war-weary conflict; and finally that they won for themselves a crown whose glory and beauty will increase with the passing of the years.

COLORED OFFICERS AND THE 92ND DIVISION

The American colored men had very small opportunity to get training that would fit them for officers before going overseas; there was only one graduate of West Point available, Col. Charles Young, of Wilberforce, Ohio; unfortunately the army found him physically unfit, and retired him from active service just one day before a long list of brigadier generals was made, among whom he was sixth in line for promotion. He was finally called back into active service, and since the war has ended has been sent to Africa. A white colonel remarked in his introduction of Colonel Young to a large meeting held at St. Mark's M. E. Church, 53rd Street, New York City, in December, 1919, and in the hearing of the writer, that it was very plain that the only reason why this dark-skinned military officer had been retired, was that the army did not want a black general.

For a number of years preceding our entrance into the war, no colored students had been admitted to West Point, and graduation was ever refused

them at the Annapolis Naval Academy. One colored school, however—Wilberforce University—had maintained for a number of years a department of military tactics supported by the government. Here Colonel Young, and other regular army officers had been kept from time to time as instructors. During the war 65 men, graduates and undergraduates of the school, received commissions as officers.

The small number who had received limited training here, however, was quite inadequate to be of much service among any considerable number of troops; and the problem of how to train colored officers became quite a vexation; the camps that gave six weeks' training to white men did not wish to admit them, and there were many who argued that colored men should not be allowed to become soldiers, and that therefore there would be no need for colored officers. Southern congressmen were particularly alarmed over any prospects of colored men learning to use guns.

After some weeks of agitation, however, the war department decided to establish a training camp at Des Moines, Iowa, where about 1,100 men entered for the three months' course. Over six hundred received commissions as 2nd Lieutenants, 1st Lieutenants, or Captains. There seemed to be a rule that no colored man in training should receive a commission higher than that of captain. Most of these men were college graduates, and on the whole were of a very high type.

They were assigned to the 92nd Division, and to any other units where colored officers were allowed to serve, and were needed; but the record of the 92nd Division shows more than that of any other organization the ability of the officers of the Des Moines Training School.

The 92nd Division was composed of the 365th and 366th Infantries, and the 350th Machine Gun Battalion, which made up the 183rd Infantry Brigade, commanded by General Barnum; and the 367th and 368th Infantries, together with the 351st Machine Gun Battalion, which made up the 184th Infantry Brigade, commanded by General Hay. These two Brigades, commanded by colored officers as high as the rank of captain, together with the 167th Artillery Brigade, commanded with few exceptions, by white officers, made up the 92nd Division, which was under the command of Major General Ballou.

Major General Ballou had had charge of the Training School at Des Moines, at which time his rank was that of colonel. Through the influence of friends, some colored men included, he was promoted, and given charge of this large body of colored troops; but before he left for France, even, he caused an order to be issued, known as Bulletin No. 35, which must have operated in no small degree to destroy his influence with his men, and cause a humiliation of spirit among them which would take away whatever desire they might have had to lay down their lives that Democracy might live. The following is the text of the Bulletin:

HEADQUARTERS 92ND DIVISION,
CAMP FUNSTON, KAN.
March 28, 1918.

Bulletin No. 35.

1. It should be well known to all colored officers and men that no useful purpose is served by such acts as will cause the "Color Question" to be raised. It is not a question of legal rights, but a question of policy, and any policy that tends to bring about a conflict of races, with its resulting animosities, is prejudicial to the military interests of the 92nd Division, and therefore prejudicial to an important interest of the colored race.

2. To avoid conflicts the Division Commander has repeatedly urged that all colored members of his command, and especially the officers and non-commissioned officers should refrain from going where their presence will be resented. In spite of this injunction, one of the sergeants of the Medical Department has recently precipitated the precise trouble that should be avoided, and then called on the Division Commander to take sides in a row that should never have occurred, and would not have occurred had the sergeant placed the general good above his personal pleasure and convenience. This sergeant entered a theatre, as he undoubtedly had a legal right to do, and precipitated trouble by making it possible to allege race discrimination in the seat he was given. He is entirely within his legal rights in the matter, and the theatre manager is legally wrong. Nevertheless the sergeant is guilty of the greater wrong in *doing* anything, no matter how legally correct, that will provoke race animosity.

3. The Division Commander repeats that the success of the Division with all that that success implies, is de-

pendent upon the good will of the public. That public is nine-tenths white. White men made the Division, and can break it just as easily as it becomes a trouble maker.

4. All concerned are again enjoined to place the general interest of the Division above personal pride and gratification. Avoid every situation that can give rise to racial ill-will. Attend quietly and faithfully to your duties, and don't go where your presence is not desired.

5. This will be read to all organizations of the 92nd Division.

By Command of Major General Ballou.

ALLEN J. GREER,
Lieutenant Colonel General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

Official:

EDW. J. TURGEON,
Captain, Assistant Adjutant, Acting Adjutant.

Nothing that General Ballou could do in the way of prosecuting the theatre manager, which he is said to have done, could alleviate the moral effect of this order upon men who were being sent to another country to fight for the preservation of the very privileges of which they at that very moment were being denied.

The 92nd Division as a complete unit received no training as such in the United States, but arrived in France by regiments, the entire number having

landed at Brest by June 20, 1918. The four infantry regiments went into training at Bourbon les Bains, where they remained seven weeks, when they were sent to the Vosges Sector; they remained there from August 23 to September 20, and were then sent into the region of the Argonne Forest, where they were partially engaged in the great Meuse-Argonne Drive. It was here that the 368th Regiment was sent over the top, without being equipped with rifle grenades, instruments that were absolutely necessary for use in the destruction of German machine-gun nests. Very few of the officers and none of the enlisted men had ever seen such a grenade, and the absence of this weapon in warfare where guns alone were practically useless, caused a retreat which resulted in several of the colored officers being arrested and sent to prison for cowardice. *Capt. Leroy Godman, a colored attorney from Columbus, Ohio, secured a record of the facts, and after his return to America, was instrumental in having them presented to the War Department; this action resulted in the release and exoneration of the officers, and the stigma of cowardice was removed from the entire regiment, and public notice of it was given in the newspapers throughout the entire country.*

The 92nd Division was never permitted until two days before the signing of the Armistice to function in battles as an entire unit. The following bulletin by Brigadier General Erwin shows how certain parts were at all times kept in reserve:

HEADQUARTERS 92ND DIVISION
A. P. O. 766
A. E. F.

Bulletin No. 13. January 27, 1919.

1. Participation of the 92nd Division in Major and Battle operations during the war.

St. Die Sector, Vosges, Aug. 23, 1918—Sept. 20, 1918.
Entire 92nd Division, less Division Artillery.

Meuse-Argonne Offensive, Sept. 26, 1918—Sept. 20, 1918.
Entire 92nd Division (less Division Artillery and Train, 368th Infantry, 3d Battalion 365th Infantry, 1st Battalion 366th Infantry, 3d Battalion 367th Infantry, 1st Battalion 317th Military Police) in reserve. 1st Army Corps.

92nd Division (less 183d Brigade, 317th Engineers and Train, Division Artillery, Det. Co. A 317th M.P.) in reserve. 38th Army Corps.
Sept. 20—Oct. 4, 1918.

368th Inf. and Companies A. & B. 351st M. G. Bn., as liaison troops between 1st Army (American) and 4th French Army operating in the Provision Brigade with 11th Cuirassiers, under command Colonel Durand.
Sept. 26-30, 1918.

MARBACHE SECTOR

Oct. 9-Nov. 11, 1918.

Entire 92nd Division to be centered as date of actual arrival in sector.

Offensive Operation
2nd Army, Nov. 10-11, 1918.

Entire 92d Division in Marbache Sector, attacking direction Corny.

Patrols, raids, and defense of raids are not mentioned here. They are local in character, and concern only the

units involved. These entries are to be made by company commanders, in strict compliance with the following extracts from G. O.

Discretion must be used by company commanders.

Dates and locations of some minor operations as described above are the following,—(to be entered only by elements actually engaged).

Repulse of enemy raid, C. R. Mere Henry,
23 hours. 25-26 Aug., 1918.
St. Die Sector

Repulse of enemy raid, Trapelle,
Sept. 1-2, 1918.

Repulse of enemy raid, C. R. Palon,
6 to 8 hours. Sept. 9, 1918.
St. Die Sector, Vosges.

Repulse of enemy raid, Trapelle,
Sept. 19, 1918.
St. Die, Vosges Sector.

In case where units have operated under independent command, as in the case of the 317th Engineers, in the Meuse Argonne Offensive, appropriate notation should be made under supervision of organization commanders concerned.

By command of BRIGADIER GENERAL ERWIN.

C. K. WILSON,
Col. General Staff, Chief of Staff.

Official:

EDWARD J. TURGEON,
Maj. Infantry, Adj.

This bulletin shows that from September 26 to 30, 1918, the entire 368th Infantry, and one battalion each of the 365th, 366th, and 367th were engaged in action in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, and that, from September 30 to October 4, the 183rd Brigade, composed of the 365th and 366th Infantries, was actively engaged in the same offensive. But at no time is the entire 92nd Division shown to be in active service except on November 10 and 11, when it is reported to be attacking in the direction of Corny.

During its activities the Division lost 248 men and 7 officers killed and died of wounds. There were a number of individual citations for bravery, and one entire battalion belonging to the 367th Infantry was awarded the Croix de Guerre. On the morning of the signing of the Armistice the 365th Infantry had taken several hundred yards of the battle front, the 366th had captured and was still in possession of several kilometers of territory, and the 367th was nearest to the coveted stronghold of Metz of any of the units of the Allied Armies. Had the war lasted another day, the entire Division, along with six other divisions, had been selected to absorb the first shock of the battle.

Because of some unusually interesting things that happened in connection with the 367th Infantry, and because it has the distinction of having the only entire unit of the 92nd Division that was awarded the Croix de Guerre, its full history follows in some detail:

The 367th Infantry

The 367th Infantry came into existence at Camp Upton, N. Y., during the latter part of October, 1917. Sixty per cent of the soldiers who composed this regiment were from the State of New York, the South furnished 20 per cent, while the remainder came from New England and the West. It was commanded by Colonel Moss, a regular army man, originally from Louisiana, and an authority on military tactics, having published several books on the subject. He took charge of the regiment on November 2, 1917, and spent the winter in giving it what is said to have been the most thorough training of all the drafted regiments. He also christened the organization with the name of Buffaloes; this name had been given to colored soldiers by the Indians, in the early western pioneer days, when colored troops made it so interesting for the Red Men in frontier warfare, as to remind them of the buffaloes of their own great western plains. The name was finally adopted by the entire 92nd Division.

On June 10, 1918, the regiment embarked for France, landing at Brest on June 19. They rested for a few days in dog tents, pitched on the cold wet ground at Camp Pontanezen, and then entrained for Haute Saone, where they were given seven weeks' intensive training in trench warfare and gas instruction, along with the other regiments of the 92nd Division. Several officers, both white and colored,

SCENE OF DEVASTATION IN WAR-TORN FRANCE

were given additional training in the American Training School at Gondre Court.

On August 22, the regiment took over its first trenches at the front in the Vosges Sector, where they remained until September 18, during which time numerous raids, patrols, etc., were planned and executed.

One of the interesting things that happened to them while in this sector, was the dropping of propaganda literature from German aircraft. The following circular was picked up by them on September 3, 1918:

TO THE COLORED SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

"Hello, boys, what are you doing over here? Fighting the Germans? Why? Have they ever done you any harm? Of course some white folks and the lying English-American papers told you that the Germans ought to be wiped out for the sake of humanity and Democracy. What is Democracy? Personal freedom; all citizens enjoying the same rights socially and before the law. Do you enjoy the same rights as the white people do in America, the land of freedom and Democracy, or are you not rather treated over there as second class citizens?

Can you get into a restaurant where white people dine? Can you get a seat in a theatre where white people sit? Can you get a seat or a berth in a railroad car, or can you even ride in the South in the same street car with the white people?

And how about the law? Is lynching and the most horrible crimes connected therewith, a lawful proceeding in a Democratic country? Now all this is entirely different in Germany, where they do like colored people;

where they treat them as gentlemen and as white men, and quite a number of colored people have fine positions in business in Berlin and other German cities. Why, then, fight the Germans only for the benefit of the Wall Street robbers, and to protect the millions that they have loaned to the English, French, and Italians?

You have been made the tool of the egotistic and rapacious rich in America, and there is nothing in the whole game for you but broken bones, horrible wounds, spoiled health, or death. No satisfaction whatever will you get out of this unjust war. You have never seen Germany, so you are fools if you allow people to make you hate us. Come over and see for yourself. Let those do the fighting who make the profit out of this war. Don't allow them to use you as cannon fodder.

To carry a gun in this service is not an honor but a shame. Throw it away and come over to the German lines. You will find friends who will help you."

After leaving the Vosges Sector, the organization was sent to the Marbache Sector, where it joined the other regiments of the 92nd Division just outside of Toul. It was here that the First Battalion distinguished itself by coming to the rescue of the 56th Infantry on the left. Captain Morris, and Lieutenants Hunton, Dabney, and Davidson were instrumental in having the terrific fire which was being directed at the regiment, turned onto their own organization, thus enabling the suffering troops to rctire to safety; they were at the same time able to hold their own ground and take over the territory of the retiring soldiers. For this action the Battalion was cited in glowing terms by a French General, and awarded the Croix de Guerre. It was

also given special mention by Major General Ballou.

Staff officers of this regiment tried very hard to prevent entrance of men into French homes. One medical sergeant tells of order issued in French and English, fixing penalty for such at living on bread and water in pup tents for 24 hours, and being forced to hike 18 miles with pack.

After the signing of the Armistice, the regiment was sent to the forwarding camp at Le Mans. Here some interesting things happened by way of race discrimination. On January 21, 1919, General Pershing made a visit to the camp for the purpose of reviewing the troops. Following is a memorandum posted for the benefit of the colored troops:

HEADQUARTERS FORWARDING CAMP

AMERICAN EMBARKATION CENTER.

A. P. O. 762.

Memorandum: No. 299—E. O.

To All Organizations. January 21, 1919.

1. For your information and guidance.

PROGRAM REFERENCE VISIT OF GENERAL PERSHING

9:30 A.M. Arrive Forwarding Camp. All troops possible, except *colored* to be under arms.

Formation to be designed by General Longan.

Only necessary supply work and police work to be performed up to the time troops are dismissed in order that they may prepare for reception of General Pershing. As soon as dismissed, men to get into working clothes and go to their respective tasks in order that Commander-

in-Chief may see construction going on. (Work of dry delousing plant not to be interrupted.) *Colored* troops will be passed through wet delousing process as planned.

Colored troops will furnish usual police details, *and their work not interrupted.*

Colored troops who are not at work, to be in their quarters, or in their tents, kitchens, delousing plants, etc., to be inspected.

Route followed to be designated by General Longan.

Plan of Forwarding Camp as planned to be in possession of General Longan to show Commander-in-Chief.

11:00 A.M. Leave Forwarding Camp going to Classification Camp by way of Spur.

Officers not on duty will assemble at these Headquarters at 9:15 A.M.

By Command of BRIGADIER GENERAL LONGAN.

RICHARD M. LEVY,
Major C. A. C., U. S. A., Camp Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 367TH INFANTRY,
A. P. O. 766, A. E. F.
January 21, 1919.

To Organization Commanders for their information, guidance and compliance.

Men will be kept busy at all times. Area formerly used for tents will be levelled, ditches filled in, ditches along road will be carefully policed.

By Order of COLONEL BASSETT.

ELMER A. BRUETT.

When General Pershing came, he noted the absence of the colored troops, and asked for them. He was told that they were at work. Whereupon

he set another day for a return trip, in order that he might review them also.

Another order prescribing the eating place for colored officers at the Le Mans Evacuation Camp was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS AREA D.
January 25, 1919.

Memorandum C. O. 367th Infantry:

White officers desiring meals in their quarters will have their orderlies report to Lieutenant Williams at the tent adjoining Area Headquarters for cards to present at Officers' Mess.

All Colored Officers will mess at Officers' Mess in D.-17.

F. M. CRAWFORD,
1st Lt. Infantry, Area "D."

THE EFFICIENCY BOARD

Several references have been made to efficiency boards and their efforts to remove colored officers from the 92nd Division and other colored organizations. In order that a clear idea may be conveyed as to the type of men who suffered from these injustices, as well as how these boards operated, the life, training, and experience of the first officer of the 92nd Division to undergo such an ordeal, follows in detail:

Captain Matthew Virgil Boutte was born in New Iberia, Louisiana, of Creole parentage; his father was a sugar planter, of the type that used to strap

his gun on his saddle girth for protection, and go to the poles and vote, in the days when guns were used to maintain white supremacy in that State.

He sent his son to Straight University, New Orleans, from 1898 to 1903, where he received the rudiments of an education. Afterwards young Boutte went to Fisk, where he finished a high school course, and a four years' college course; thence to the University of Illinois, where he graduated as a chemist and pharmacist; he then taught quantitative chemistry at Meharry Medical College, and opened a drugstore in Nashville, Tenn. This he disposed of after receiving his commission at the Des Moines Training School. While in Nashville, he joined the Tennessee National Guard, the only Colored National Guard Company in the South. With six months' training there as a private, he entered the Des Moines School, and was one of the few who received the commission of captain.

On November 1, 1917, he went to Rockford, Ill., where he attended Machine Gun School at Camp Grant, and organized Company 350, Machine Gun Battalion. His company was well trained not only in military tactics, but also to such a high degree of athletic efficiency, that it received a loving cup for wnning a cross country run; also won cup for individual running in whole brigade. The winner, Sergeant Bluitt, was afterward commissioned lieutenant.

On June 6, 1918, Captain Boutte sailed for France, with the advance officers' party of the 92nd Division. They landed at Brest where the colored

Group of Officers of 92nd Division

1. Capt. Matthew Virgil Boutte. 2. Lieut. J. Williams Clifford. 3. Lieut. Benjamin H. Hunton. 4. Lieut. Frank L. Drye. 5. Lieut. Frank L. Chisholm. 6. Lieut. Ernest M. Gould. 7. Lieut. Victor R. Daly.

officers received a taste of the American segregation that afterwards became so annoying in France. Rooms for the entire party, white and colored, had been reserved at the Hotel Continental, but the colored officers were told to go to Camp Pontanezen, where they would find barracks; there they were to sleep on boards with no mattresses, and only one blanket apiece. Captain Boutte protested, and the party returned to Brest, where they discovered that the white officers had not made the French people understand that the rooms held in reserve were for them, and consequently had gone elsewhere. Captain Boutte, being able to speak French quite fluently, was able to get the reserved rooms for the six colored officers. He was sent from Brest to Bourbon les Bains to serve as billeting officer. Here he was told not to take the French people's kindness for friendship, but to treat them just as he had been taught to treat white people at home. When they found that his ability to speak French gave him ready *entrée* into French homes, they relieved him of all work as billeting officer, so that he would have no occasion for going among the French people.

On July 7 he was returned to his company. He instructed his men to such a point of efficiency that the inspector of machine-gun tactics commended his work. On July 24 he was placed under close arrest. While under arrest he was forced to ride from one town to another in an open wagon, and between two armed guards, in order that his spirit might be thoroughly crushed, and

his humiliation made complete. Twenty-three specifications under the 96th Article of War were placed against him. These dealt with duties imposed upon the Commanding Officer of the Company by the Commanding Officer of the Battalion. After he had been under close arrest for eight days, the charges were submitted to him; following are samples of specifications:

"Why did you command your first sergeant to remain at home instead of having him on the field of drill, as commanded from headquarters?"

"Why did your mess sergeant not have his bill of fare posted on a certain day?"

Boutte's answer was that in order to be responsible for his company he must have full control of his officers, as was his military right; and as for the mess sergeant's bill of fare, it could easily have blown away after having been put in its accustomed place. In due time he was called before the Efficiency Board, in order that reasons might be given why he should not be court-martialed. At the trial Major Raborg withdrew all specifications but six, saying that he had found that the others were not true. Subsequently it was learned that he had written a letter to the commanding officer, asking that all colored officers be removed. Upon being questioned as to the efficiency of Captain Boutte, he replied that he was mentally and morally efficient, but otherwise he was not. It then became evident that it was such a clear case of prejudice,

that Captain Boutte was returned to his company, and Major Raborg removed as commander of the battalion. But a number of officers became victims of this now notorious efficiency board, and while no one would suppose that all colored officers were above criticism, and must know that some of them were justly removed, still, there is no doubt that many of them were as innocent as the subject of this sketch. Captain Boutte retained Captain Leroy Godman, of Columbus, Ohio, as his attorney, and says he owes much to him for his acquittal and exoneration. All officers on trial were not so fortunate in being able to secure a good colored lawyer, while others were simply condemned as inefficient, and removed, without being given a chance for defense. Capt Boutte was afterwards for six months a member of General Pershing's staff, with headquarters in Paris.

The 325th Signal Battalion

Attached to the 92nd Division was the first colored Signal Corps ever organized. It was known as the 325th Signal Battalion. They were assembled during the months of December and January, 1917-18, respectively, and after five months' training were sent to France. After an additional period of training at Voisey, Haute Marne, they were sent to the Vosges Mountains, and afterwards to the Argonne, where they engaged in actual warfare; they were in the Marbache Sector, near Metz, when the Armistice was signed. They were commended

highly both by the French and American High Command, and some of them were cited for bravery, and decorated with the Croix de Guerre. In the 92nd Division a total number of 14 officers and 42 men were cited for bravery.

The 167th Field Artillery

The 167th Field Artillery Brigade was composed of the 349th, 350th, and 351st Regiments of Artillery; the first two handled light equipment, and received their training at Camp Dix, while the latter had heavy equipment and was trained at Camp Meade. They also had attached to them the 317th Ammunition Train, whose 36 officers were all colored but three. In this organization there were several officers promoted, among them being Major Milton Dean, of Washington, D. C., the only colored man to be promoted to such a rank overseas, with the exception of Major Joseph Ward, of Indianapolis, Indiana, whose ability and services as a physician were thus recognized; very few other promotions of colored officers were made in France; a small number of dental lieutenants were made captains after the signing of the Armistice, when they were relocated in the Service of Supply sections; but the majority came back with the same rank with which they went over, even though they had shown marked ability, and had been cited and decorated for bravery.

Early in October, 1918, 33 colored officers, who were to have been attached to the 167th Field

Artillery, landed in St. Nazaire; they were second lieutenants, who had been trained to take the places of some of the white officers of that organization; but instead, they were first sent to La Corneau, near Bordeaux, where they remained about a week; they were then ordered to leave there, and after about three weeks' junketing about they became stationed at Camp Meurcon, near Vannes. At this place they were attached to the 63rd American Artillery Brigade, composed altogether of southern white men; they were required to drill these men, even though their prejudices were so strong that they would not salute their colored officers if there was any possible way to avoid it; but the officers stuck to their task, and had started to the front with the regiment when the Armistice was signed. They were then ordered to Brest to embark for home; here they were detached from the regiment and returned to Camp Meurcon, near Vannes, where they were attached to another white outfit; they remained there another three weeks, and were then sent to Nancy in search of the 167th Artillery, to which they were originally to have been attached; finding that the Brigade had left, they proceeded to the Evacuation Camp at Le Mans, where they found the organization stationed in camps located in the neighborhood of the city; they then became a part of the official family of the Brigade, but some were detached on the eve of their return to the States, and made to return home as casuals; this seemed to be a part of the policy of those who had charge of the transportation of troops. The

writer remembers several incidents during her period of service at Brest, where colored officers had made all preparations to return with their organizations, and within a few hours of sailing would be detached; some contended vigorously for what they considered their rights, while others resigned themselves to their fate; then frequently when they would have sailing orders to return home as casuals, they would be turned back, when it would be discovered that they were colored; sometimes this occurred even after they had gotten on the gang plank. On July 16, 1919, the 184th Casual Company, together with the 323rd Ordinance Battalion, about 300 in number, were sent back after half of them had gotten aboard the boat, as a result of a protest against their color. Some of these men came to the writer sick at heart, and said that such treatment seemed more than they could bear.

The 167th Field Artillery, the first of its kind that was ever organized, was under the command of Brigadier General Sherburne, of Massachusetts, who seemed in every way to have the interest of the troops at heart; they landed at Brest, June 26, 1918, and after being attached to the 92nd Division, were engaged in action at Pagny, Bois Frehart, Cherimo, and Bois La Cote; and it was under the barrage of this Brigade that the Division while on the Lorraine Front, between Toul and Nancy, was able to advance, capture a number of towns, and stand ready to enter the coveted stronghold of Metz, when the Armistice was signed.

During their period of action, they gave excellent service, and the following words of commendation were given the 351st Regiment by their commander:

HEADQUARTERS 351st FIELD ARTILLERY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
GENERAL ORDER No. 3.

December 27, 1918.

When you landed in France you were acclaimed as comrades in arms, brothers in a great cause. In the days that have passed, no man, no little child, has had cause to regret that first glorious welcome. Surrounded by new and unusual conditions, beset by subtle temptations, you have kept your hearts high, and with purpose fixed on the high ideal of service, you have put away those things that did not contribute strength for the task at hand. You have been men.

Through rain and in tents, or in cold billets, you have cheerfully pushed on to fit yourselves for the final test, and at length you came to the front lines. There under fire by day and night you served the pieces, sending back gas for gas, and shell for shell, two for one. The orders reached the guns because you maintained the connections; the ammunition was there because neither the elements nor enemy stopped you. The mission has been accomplished and you have been what America expects her sons to be—brave soldiers.

Your first six months of service on foreign soil have ended; accordingly, all officers and enlisted men of the 351st Field Artillery are authorized and ordered to wear one Service Chevron. As surely as this chevron stands

for something accomplished, just as surely it imposes an added obligation; it sets a new standard of soldierly qualities; it is a reminder of what manner of men you are. As you have earned it fairly and well, so you will strive to be worthy of it, and of the things for which it stands, every man a guardian of the good name of the regiment.

By Command of COLONEL WADE H. CARPENTER.

GEORGE C. MATHER,
Capt. F. A., U. S. A., Adj. 351st Field Artillery.

In taking his farewell of the 167th Field Artillery Brigade, Brigadier General Sherburne recorded the following:

1. In leaving the 167th Field Artillery Brigade to take up other duties, the Brigade Commander wishes to record in General Orders the entire satisfaction it has given him to have commanded the first brigade of Negro Artillery ever organized. This satisfaction is due to the excellent record the men have made. Undertaking a work that was new to them, they brought it faithfulness, zeal, and patriotic fervor. They went into the line and conducted themselves in a manner to win praise of all. They had been picked for important work in the offensive which had been planned to start after November 11th.

2. The Brigade Commander will ever cherish the words of the Commander in Chief, the compliments he paid in all sincerity to this Brigade while he watched it pass in review last Wednesday. He wishes the Brigade to understand that these words of appreciation were evoked only because each man had worked conscientiously and unflaggingly to make the organization a success.

3. The Brigade Commander feels that he should also make acknowledgment in General Orders of the remarkable *esprit-de-corps* displayed by the officers of the Brigade. They were pioneers in a field, where at the start, success was problematical. This being the first Brigade of its kind ever organized, it has been only natural that the work of the men should have been featured prominently, yet the same prominence and the same praise should be accorded the officers. While the Brigade Commander takes this occasion to speak of their splendid work, he believes that their greatest praise will come from the men themselves, not only now, but ever in greater measure when they have returned to civilian life and have secured the perspective of time and experience that will teach them how fortunate they were in making the race's initial effort as artillerymen under officers who were both skilful artillerymen, and sympathetic leaders.

By Command of Brigadier General Sherburne.

Henry King Tootle,
1*st Lieut., F. A., U. S. A., Acting Adjutant.*

In concluding the story of the 92nd Division, nothing could be said of more significance than the farewell words used by Major General Ballou, who had crushed the spirit of the officers and men in the very beginning of its existence by the notorious Bulletin No. 35, and who had continued his policy of catering to southern prejudice up until the time he was removed from the organization; the memorandum is signed by Col. Allen J. Greer, who had used his good offices in every way possible to get all the colored officers removed from the Division.[2]

HEADQUARTERS 92ND DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
A. P. O. 766.

Memorandum: November 18, 1918.

Five months ago to-day the 92d Division landed in France.

After seven weeks of training it took over a sector in the front line, and since then some portion of the Division has been practically continuously under fire.

It participated in the last battle of the war with creditable success, continuously pressing the attack against highly organized defensive works. It advanced successfully on the first day of the battle, attaining its objectives and capturing prisoners. This in the face of determined opposition by an alert enemy, and against rifle, machine gun and artillery fire. The issue of the second day's battle was rendered indecisive by the order to cease firing at 11 A. M., when the Armistice became effective.

The Division Commander, in taking leave of what he considers himself justly entitled to regard as his Division, feels that he has accomplished his mission. His work is done and will endure. The results have not always been brilliant, and many times were discouraging, yet a well-organized, well-disciplined, and well-trained Colored Division has been created and commanded by him to include the last shot of the great World War.

May the future conduct of every officer and man be such as to reflect credit upon the Division and upon the colored race.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL BALLOU,

ALLEN J. GREER,
Col., General Staff, Chief of Staff.

Official:

EDW. J. TURGEON,
Maj. Inf., U. S. A., Acting Adjutant.

THE 93RD DIVISION

The 93rd Division was to have been composed of the 15th New York National Guard (369th Infantry), the 8th Illinois National Guard (370th Infantry) and the 371st and 372nd Infantries. Col. Charles Young was to have been its commander. The Division never materialized, however, and the different regiments were brigaded with the French troops.

THE 369TH INFANTRY

The 369th Infantry, or 15th New York National Guard was organized in 1916, and did guard duty during the summer of 1917 in the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It came into existence with the understanding that it was to have a full quota of colored officers; some unfavorable conditions, however, caused very few to attempt to qualify, and when they sailed for France on December 14, 1917, they had only the following named: Captains Charles W. Fillmore and Napoleon B. Marshall, First Lieutenants George W. Lacey and James Reese Europe, and Second Lieutenant D. Lincoln Reid; the other officers were white, with Col. William Hayward commanding.

The regiment landed at Brest on December 27, 1917, being the first colored American fighting troops to put their feet on French soil; on January 1, 1918, they left by train for St. Nazaire, where

they remained for two months building railroads, docks, piers, and working in store houses, in addition to keeping up their military training exercises. Here their name was changed from 15th New York N. G. to 369th Infantry. On March 12 they were sent to Givry in Argonne, where they were billeted at Noirleu, St. Mard, and Remacourt. They remained at these points until April 8, when they were sent to Main-de-Massiges, Champagne Sector, where they were attached to the 16th Division of the 4th French Army, and became to all intents and purposes, French soldiers; their only mark of differentiation was their uniforms, and sometimes they even wore the French helmet.

For 191 days these soldiers were in the front line trenches, and it is claimed by them that they remained there for a longer continuous period than any troops in the allied armies. They were engaged in the battles of Main-de-Massiges, Butte-de-Mesil, the Dormois, Seechault, Argonne Forest, Ripont, Kuppinase, Vosges Mountains, the Aisne, the Tourbe, Maison-en-Champagne, Fontaine, and Bellevue Ridge.

By an accident, it is said, the regimental records were lost, but the casualties are estimated at 600 killed and 3,000 replacements; the replacements were made from new recruits just brought over from the States, and sometimes they more than filled the vacancies made by the killed and wounded. These new recruits were often untrained, and frequently had to be taught to load a gun after they reached the front line trenches; their

GROUP OF COMMISSIONED AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF 15TH NEW YORK (369TH INF.)

1. Capt. Charles W. Fillmore. 2. Capt. Napoleon B. Marshall. 3. Group of Sergeants. 4. Needham Roberts. 5. Henry Johnson.

ignorance of how to protect themselves in battle caused the list of killed and wounded to be much larger than it otherwise would have been; but with the assistance of their comrades in arms, they soon became seasoned soldiers; and, according to a record published by 19 non-commissioned officers, while the regiment made tremendous sacrifices, they inflicted much greater losses on the enemy than they themselves suffered, and captured many prisoners and munitions of war.

For its record in the great German Offensive of July, 1918, and the Allied Offensive of the following September and October, the regiment was awarded the Croix de Guerre. In addition to this there were 132 officers and men cited for conspicuous and meritorious conduct, and awarded the Croix de Guerre or the Legion d'Honneur. Among these were the now famous Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts, the first two Americans, white or colored, to be decorated; these two men defeated twenty or more Germans in one midnight engagement, by the skillful use of hand grenades, the butt ends of their rifles, and the bolo knife; they routed an entire machine-gun nest, and brought back numerous war trophies; both were severely wounded, and remained in the hospital for some time before they were again able for service.

After the victory of the great German Offensive of July, 1918, General Gouraud, Commander of the 4th French Army, with whom the organization was fighting, issued the following bulletin:

Fourth Army Staff,
5th B., No. 6954/3. July 16, 1918.

TO THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS OF THE FOURTH FRENCH ARMY

During the day of July 15th you have broken the efforts of fifteen German Divisions supported by ten others.

They were, from their orders, to reach the Marne in the evening; you have stopped them where we wanted to give and to win the battle.

You have the right to be proud, heroic infantrymen and machine gunners of the advanced posts, who have signalled the attack, and who have subdivided it, aviators who flew over it, battalions and batteries who have broken it, staffs who have so minutely prepared that battlefield.

It is a hard blow to the enemy. It is a beautiful day for France.

I rely upon you that it will always be the same, each time they will dare to attack you, and with all my heart of a soldier, I thank you.

(Signed) GOURAUD.

In combination with the facts that the regiment was the first of the colored Americans to see active service at the front, and produced the first two winners of the Croix de Guerre of all the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces, they have the final distinction of having been the first unit of the Allied Armies to reach the Rhine. They arrived at Blodelsheim on the Rhine on November

18, 1918, as the advance guard of the 161st Division of the 2nd French Army. The next day after the signing of the Armistice, Marshal Foch gave out the following document to be read to the command; it was read to these men three days after they reached Blodelsheim:

HEADQUARTERS 369TH INFANTRY, U. S. A.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,

France, 21st November, 1918.

BLODELSHEIM

Document No. 21-11-3.

Bulletin:

1. The following is published and will be read to the command:

The Commander in Chief
of the Allied Armies

Allies G. H. Q.
November, 12, 1918.

General Staff
1st Section
5,961

OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES

After having boldly stopped the enemy, you have attacked them for months with indefatigable faith and energy, giving them no rest.

You have won the greatest battle in history, and saved the most sacred cause, the Liberty of the World.

Be proud of it.
With immortal glory you have adorned your flags.
Posterity will be indebted to you with gratitude.

The Marshal of France,
Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies,
FOCH.

By order of COLONEL HAYWARD:

T. A. RYAN,
1st Lt., 369th Infantry,
Acting Adjutant.

While the regiment embarked for France with five colored officers, it returned with only one, Lieutenant James Reese Europe, of the famous 15th Infantry Band. The others were transferred to other organizations under the peculiar system that was used for the purpose of moving colored officers about like checkers on a checker board. Captain Marshall was sent to the 365th Infantry, while the other three were attached to the 370th. Captain Fillmore was decorated with the Croix de Guerre before leaving the 369th, and Lieutenants Lacey and Reid after they became members of the regiment from Illinois, a proof that the French recognized their ability.

The regiment returned to the States on February 12, 1918. They had made a splendid record all through their period of service, and—in the words of a tribute paid by the new 15th Regiment

to the old—they "Never lost a prisoner, a trench, nor a foot of ground, and demonstrated for all time the bravery of the American Negro, his high quality as a soldier, and his devotion to the cause of liberty."

The City of New York gave them a tremendous, whole-hearted, and royal welcome, and the New York *Herald* republished in their honor the following poem from "*The Black Phalanx*," composed by George Henry Boker:

THE BLACK REGIMENT

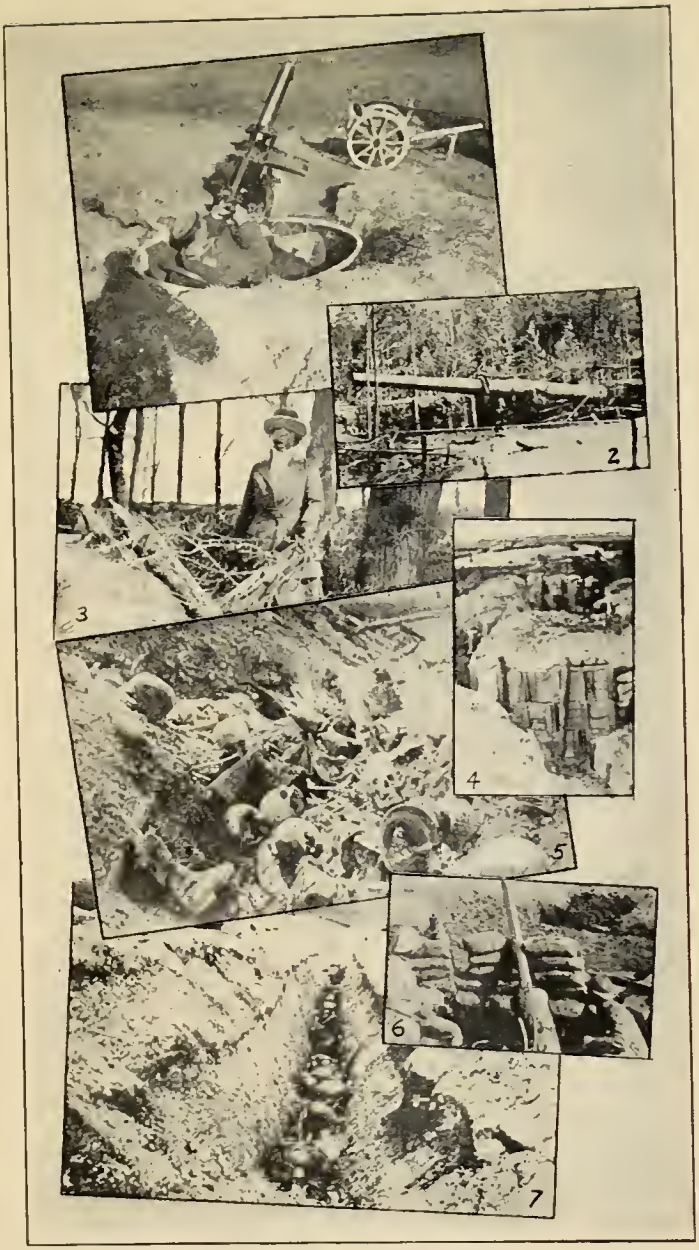
"Dark as the clouds even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land,—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what word was sent
For the black regiment.

'Now,' the flag-sergeant cried,
'Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!'
Oh, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

'Charge!' trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and saber stroke
Vainly opposed their rush,
Through the wild battles' crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh,
Or at the slippery brands,
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

'Freedom!' their battle cry,—
'Freedom!' or leave to die!'
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood,



VIEWS TAKEN FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE GREAT WAR

1. French Anti-Aircraft Gun. 2. Long German Gun. 3. Mrs. Hunton in barbed wire entanglement in "No Man's Land." 4. A View of Trench in Hindenburg Line, at Soissons. 5. Dead Man's Hill. 6. French Flame Throwers. 7. Burying German Dead.

Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death;
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what 'freedom' lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong,
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment."

The 370th Infantry (8th Illinois, N. G.)

We feel that special emphasis should be given the 370th Infantry, because it was the only regiment that crossed the sea with a full quota of colored officers; made a splendid record for bravery; received numerous certificates from the French people setting forth their high appreciation for their excellent behavior; received numerous individual citations for conspicuous and meritorious conduct, and returned with a full quota of colored officers with the exception of a colonel, one captain, and one 2nd lieutenant.

When the regiment embarked for France, the following named were the field officers: Col. Franklin A. Denison, Lieut. Col. Otis B. Duncan, Major Rufus M. Stokes, Major Charles L. Hunt, Major Arthur B. Williams, the Regimental Adjutant being Capt. John H. Patton. After being in France for a period of three months and a few days, Colonel Denison, because of illness, was replaced by Col. T. A. Roberts, who became the only white officer in the regiment. Later Capt. John T. Prout, and 2nd Lieutenant Stapleton were added, making a total of three white officers. This left Lieutenant Colonel Duncan, of Springfield, Ill., the highest ranking colored officer overseas. The record of this regiment should forever silence the contention made by so many, that colored men have not the ability to be officers, and that at any rate, colored soldiers will not follow the leadership of officers of their own race.

The regiment was called into service on July 25, 1917, and the following October entrained for Houston, Texas, where they spent the winter in training, and where they conducted themselves with such admirable decorum, that even that hostile city commended and applauded them vigorously when they departed on March 6, 1918, for Newport News, from which city they were to take transport for France.

They landed at Brest on April 6, 1918, and after spending three days at Camp Pontanezen, took train and went to the town of Grand Villars. Here they were attached to the 73rd French Divi-

sion, were reorganized according to the French regulations, and in fact became French soldiers in every respect except their uniforms; they were even furnished with French food, and chefs to teach them how to prepare it most economically. They were given six weeks intensive training, and were allowed to mingle freely at all times with the French troops, in order that they might profit by close contact with veteran warriors. A new equality was tasted at this time by these American colored men; they were treated upon an absolutely equal basis with other men, while their officers moved with perfect ease among the highest officials of the French Army; they were received with all social and military courtesy due their rank.

After their period of training, they were moved by easy stages towards the front, and on June 21 began occupying positions in the St. Mihiel Sector, where there was desultory machine gun and rifle firing; by July 6 they had been moved by train and placed immediately behind the lines in the Argonne Forest; here they remained six weeks, and were then assigned to be one of the three infantry regiments of the 59th French Division, which had had its ranks largely depleted by the battles of Chavigny, Leury, and the Bois de Beaumont.

On September 15, 1918, the regiment was ordered to the region of St. Bandry (Meuse). Four companies took position opposite Mont de Singnes, and an attack was ordered which lasted five days (September 16-21); during this time both officers and men had a chance to distinguish themselves,

and a number were awarded decorations for meritorious and gallant conduct. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these was Sergt. Matthew Jenkins, who captured a large section of the enemy works, with only a platoon of men at his command. He advanced so far ahead of the units on his right and left that he was cut off from supplies, and he and his men went without food for two days; they turned their captured ammunition and machine guns upon the enemy, and held the positions until reinforcements could reach them. For this act of heroism, Sergeant Jenkins was awarded the French Croix de Guerre and the American Distinguished Service Cross.

On September 26, 1918, the regiment for the first time took over a full regimental sector, Colonel Roberts locating his commanding post at Antioch Farm. From this date until the enemy began its retreat on October 12, the organization was constantly under fire from enemy equipment located in the Bois de Mortier, a dense wood.

Perhaps the most important engagement was that which occurred at Ferme de La Riviere. Here on September 30, Lieut. Col. Duncan's battalion was ordered to make an attack which necessitated an advance across open fields. While preparations were going on enemy aviators discovered their position, and a terrific bombardment was at once started, incapacitating three company commanders, three lieutenants, and completely demoralizing the company. Lieut. George M. Murphy was ordered to detail a man to gather up the scattered frag-

ments of the organization. Realizing the importance of the mission, the lieutenant himself volunteered, and though under continuous shell fire was able to locate and reorganize the company. For this action Lieutenant Murphy was cited for especially conspicuous and meritorious conduct.

The attack which Lieutenant Colonel Duncan was ordered to make was prosecuted vigorously, despite the bombardment of enemy aviators, and by October 4, one of the strongest points in the Hindenburg Line had been taken.

On October 4, 1918, a patrol of one officer and twenty men was called for, to penetrate into the Bois de Mortier, in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Capt. Chester Saunders, and the desired number of men immediately responded, and at 3.30 o'clock in the morning started on the mission. They were within fifty yards of the enemy before they were discovered. Fire from all sides was immediately opened upon them, but Captain Saunders, with remarkable self-possession, made notation of the nests of machine guns, and returned to his organization just before daylight, without the loss of a man. Captain Saunders was awarded the Croix de Guerre, and the patrol was highly commended by the commanding officer for their heroic action.

On October 12, 1918, the entire division was ordered to advance, and the Battalion under Captain Patton took up the pursuit by way of the Bois de Oiry. This wood had just been evacuated by the Germans, and to show that they were expecting

to be followed up closely by the allied troops, they left everything in readiness for them. Tools valuable for wire cutting, and other devices so necessary in modern warfare, were left in easy reach, but no sooner would they be picked up than there would be an explosion. All writing conveniences were left ready for immediate use, but every penholder was a messenger of death. Beds would be so inviting to the tired and footsore soldier, but the sheets held deadly chemicals, which lulled him into an endless sleep. These are examples which show the wicked ingenuity of the German. Captain Patton, for making this exceedingly difficult advance through this maze of trickery, was commended by the commanding officer, as was Major Stokes, who was successful in clearing the Bois de Mortier, a very important enemy stronghold.

On October 27, 1918, after a rest period which was spent in building roads, the regiment was again ordered into the lines. They moved up into the vicinity of Grandlup, where they were subjected to severe shelling, and in some places machine-gun and rifle firing. Company A, stationed in the vicinity of Chantrud Farm, suffered a loss of 35 killed and 50 wounded as a result of a shell falling in their midst while at mess.

On November 5, 1918, a general advance was ordered, which was continued in hot pursuit of the enemy until the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. Company C, of Prout's Battalion, under command of Capt. James H. Smith, was

awarded the Croix de Guerre and palm, the highest citation awarded in the regiment. This was given for the attacking and occupying of St. Pierremont, the crossing of the River Sierre, and the taking of three pieces of enemy artillery and several machine guns, despite strong resistance from the enemy.

For attacking and taking the town of Lorgny, from which point the French commander and his troops were being severely shelled, Lieut. Osceola A. Browning, commander of Company M, and a number of others, received the French Croix de Guerre, and the American Distinguished Service Cross.

On November 11, just before the signing of the Armistice, an enemy combat train of about fifty vehicles was captured, thus completing a record of continuous, difficult and vigorous warfare, every inch of the way from Antioch Farm, near the ruins of Vauxillion, to the Belgian border; Lieutenant Colonel Duncan won the name of the lieutenant colonel who would not stop fighting, because he led his troops into the Belgian Village of Gue D'Hossus, before he could be reached with the message that the Armistice had become effective.

The 370th Infantry carried with it a full staff of colored medical officers, composed of Major James R. White, in command, Captains Leonard W. Lewis, and Spencer Dickinson, and Lieutenants James F. Lawson, Dan M. Moore, Rufus Bacote, George W. Antoine, Claudius Ballard, and two dentists, Lieutenants Tancil and Roe.

With careful elimination of all soldiers who were not physically fit, the organization entered the service in excellent condition. During the winter of 1917 and 1918, much time was given by the medical department to the delivering of lectures, and a systematic course of training for the development of healthy and robust physiques was inaugurated. The result of this careful training was that only six men died of disease during the ten months in France, notwithstanding the fact that they suffered as many hardships and inconveniences as any other troops in the conflict. The medical detachment was composed also of 23 men, who were ever on the alert to give first aid to the wounded; because of this prompt attention on the battlefield there were only 96 out of the entire regiment who lost their lives. This, in addition to 425 who recovered from wounds, represents the entire list of casualties of the organization.

Major White was awarded the Croix de Guerre. In the words of the citation, "he visited daily the aid stations in the advanced area, and himself dressed many of the fallen men, thus giving to his subordinates the most noble example."

All told there were 33 officers and 57 men of this regiment who were awarded the Croix de Guerre, the Distinguished Service Cross, or both. Among the officers were Col. T. A. Roberts, Lieut. Col. Otis B. Duncan, Maj. James R. White, Captains Smith, Patton, Prout, Gwynne, Warner, Allen, Hall, Alexander, Jackson, Crawford, and Saunders; First Lieutenants Tancil, Browning, Lacey,

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF 8TH ILLINOIS (370TH INF.)

1. Capt. James H. Smith. 2. Lieut. Blaine G. Alston. 3. Lieut. George H. Murphy. 4. Capt. John H. Patton. 5. Lieut. William Andrews. 6. Lieut. A. Hugo Williams. 7. Lieut. George F. Proctor. 8. Lieut. Osceola A. Browning.

Robinson, Ballard, Jackson, Warfield, Gordon, Hurd, Shelton and Lee; and Second Lieutenants Cheatham, Norvell, Tisdell, Painter, Price, Reid, and Jackson.

The colored soldiers were greatly loved by the French people, and while passing through the town of Laon, which had been in the hands of the Germans for four years, the French civilians knelt by the roadside and kissed the hands of the boys of the 370th Infantry, so grateful were they for their deliverance.

From the mayors of every village and town where the organization had any contact with the French people, they received testimonials setting forth their good behavior and splendid decorum; similar letters were secured with regard to our soldiers in nearly every section of France, and very frequently the writer was personally told that they were better behaved than the white soldiers; especially was this true in the Leave Area, where all army restrictions were removed; the absolute increase of disease among all of the colored troops was only 7 per cent., according to statistics from the surgeon general's office, while among the white troops it was 88 per cent.; this in spite of the fact that a much larger per cent. of them were physically unfit when they entered the army; in the first draft 36 colored soldiers out of every hundred men were admitted, while there were only 24 out of every hundred white; this shows that there was more care exercised in getting in white men who were physically sound than there was for the colored.

In the entire 92nd Division only one soldier was convicted of criminal assault; in fact the colored soldiers in all the organizations made such a splendid impression upon the French people that a recent issue of a widely published Paris paper asked that two million return to France, in order that they might assist them in building up their devastated regions, and become a part of their future civilization.

The following farewell address speaks for itself with regard to splendid achievements of the 370th Infantry, and the high esteem in which they were held:

"Officers and Soldiers of the 370th R. I. U. S.:

"You are leaving us. The impossibility at this time that the German Army can recover from its defeat—the necessity which is imposed upon the peoples of the Entente of taking up again the normal life—leads the United States to diminish its effectives in France. You are chosen among the first to return to America. In the name of your comrades of the 59th Division, I say to you, Au revoir—in the name of France, thank you.

"The hard and brilliant battles of Chavigny, Leury, and the Bois de Beaumont, having reduced the effectiveness of the Division, the American Government generously put your regiment at the disposition of the French High Command to re-enforce us. You arrived from the trenches of the Argonne.

"We at first in September, at Mareuil-sur-Ourq, admired your fine appearance under arms, the precision of your review, the suppleness of your evolutions that presented to the eye, the appearance of silk unrolling its wavy folds.

"We advanced to the line. Fate placed you on the banks of the Ailette, in front of the Bois de Mortier. October 12th you occupied the enemy trenches Acier and Brouze. On the 13th, we reached the railroad of Laon-La-Fere—the Forest of St. Gobain, principal center of resistance of the Hindenburg Line, was ours.

"November 5th, the Sierre was at last crossed, the pursuit became active. Prout's Battalion distinguished itself at Sal St. Pierre, where it captured a German battery. Patton's Battalion crossed, the first, the Hirson Railroad at the Heights of Aubenton, where the Germans tried to resist. Duncan's Battalion took Lorgny, and carried away with their ardor, could not be stopped short of Gue d'Hossus, on November 11th, after the Armistice.

"We have hardly had time to appreciate you, and already you depart.

"As Lieutenant Colonel Duncan said, November 28th, in offering to me your regimental colors as proof of your love for France, as an expression of your loyalty to the 59th Division of our Army, you have given us your best, and you have given out of the fulness of your hearts.

"The blood of your comrades who fell on the soil of France mixed with the blood of our soldiers, renders indissoluble the bonds of affection that unite us. We have besides, the pride of having worked together at a magnificent task, the pride of bearing on our foreheads the ray of common grandeur.

"A last time—Au revoir.

"All of us of the 59th Division will always remember the time when the 370th R. I. U. S., under the orders of the distinguished Colonel Roberts, formed a part of our beautiful Division."

GENERAL VINCENDON,
Commanding the 59th Division.

(Signed) VINCENDON.

The 371st and 372nd Regiments of Infantry

The 371st and 372nd Regiments of Infantry were composed of drafted troops and National Guard Organizations. Those of the former came in a large measure from South Carolina, and were trained at Camp Jackson in that State; while the latter organization was composed of the first separate battalion of Washington, D. C., Company L, of the Massachusetts N. G., the first separate company of the Connecticut State Guard, the 9th separate battalion of Ohio, and other National Guard troops from Tennessee and Maryland.

The 371st had a full quota of white commissioned officers, and colored non-commissioned officers, while the 372nd had a mixture of white and colored commissioned officers, with colored non-commissioned officers. After some heroic service on the battlefields of France, the colored commissioned officers became victims of the efficiency board, and at one fell swoop, were nearly all removed.

These two regiments saw service together in France, and became noted for their indomitable courage, and splendid fighting record.

On April 6, 1918, the 371st Infantry left our ports, and by April 26 was in the training area at Rembercourt-aux-Port, as an independent unit of the 13th French Army Corps. Afterwards they became a supporting regiment to the 68th French Division, where they remained until July 22, 1918. Between this date and September 14, 1918, they

occupied the Verrieres sub-sector. Here the regiment did exceptional work, their front extending over a distance of more than five kilometers, always holding their own ground and at one time half of the front of the 333rd French Infantry on the left.

On September 14 the regiment was withdrawn from this sector and taken to the area of Holitz-l'Eveque, Champagne, and were in reserve of the 9th Army Corps of the 4th French Army, at the beginning of the great Champagne Offensive. During this great offensive the regiment suffered tremendous losses under the blistering fire and onslaught of the enemy, always carrying the attack forward in advance of the adjacent troops. Their Division Commander in forwarding a recommendation for an army citation for the regiment, remarked that they marched forward under heavy artillery fire, without faltering, and without counting their dead. Following is text of citation:

157TH DIVISION INFANTRY.

October 8th, 1918.

From: Colonel Quillet, commanding the I. D.
To: Colonel of the 371st U. S.

The Colonel commanding the I. D. has proposed your regiment for a citation to the Army Corps with the following motive.

"Has shown during its first engagement the very best qualities of bravery and audacity, which are the characteristics of shock troops.

"Under the command of Colonel Miles, it launched itself with a superb spirit and admirable disregard of

danger at the assault of a position stubbornly defended by the enemy. It took by terrific fighting under exceptionally violent machine-gun fire of the enemy artillery, and its cruel losses, numerous prisoners, and secured cannon, machine guns and important material."

(Signed) T. C. QUILLET,
Commanding the I. D.

The losses of the regiment during its period of service were 8 officers killed and died of wounds, 42 wounded, and 1,055 enlisted men killed and wounded, with a total of 28 missing.

The 372nd Infantry, was organized at Camp Stuart, and landed at St. Nazaire, April 14, 1918. They spent five weeks in training at Conde-en-Barrois, Meuse, as part of the 13th French Army Corps; afterwards became attached to the 63rd French Division, the 35th French Division, and finally on July 2, 1918, became a part of the 157th French Division, to which the 371st Infantry also became attached.

For more than six months the regiment was on the front, taking part in the great Champagne Offensive, and in the battles which centered around Vanquois in the Argonne, and around Verdun, including Hill 304, and Dead Man's Hill. They were in the Vosges Mountains, along with the 371st, training for the Metz Offensive when the Armistice was signed.

On October 8, 1918, this regiment also received a citation from Colonel Quillet. Following is its text:

157TH DIVISION INFANTRY

No. 3500. October 8, 1918.

From: Colonel Quillet, commanding 157th I. D.

To: Colonel Tupes, commanding 372nd Infantry.

The Colonel commanding the I. D., has recommended your regiment for citation in the orders of the French Army, worded as follows:

"Gave proof, through the first engagement, of the finest qualities of bravery and daring which are the virtues of assaulting troops."

"Under the orders of Colonel Tupes dashed with superb gallantry and admirable scorn of danger to the assault of a position continuously defended by the enemy, taking it by storm under an exceptionally violent machine-gun fire; continued the progression in spite of enemy artillery fire, and very severe losses. They made numerous prisoners, captured cannon, machine guns, and important war materials."

(Signed) QUILLET.

Upon relinquishing his command of these two regiments after the signing of the Armistice, Colonel Quillet gave out the following words of farewell:

157TH DIVISION, STAFF OF THE INFANTRY.

December 15, 1918.

Order of the Divisional Infantry.

The 371st and 372nd Infantries are leaving France, after having carried on a hard campaign of six months with I. D., 157.

After having energetically held a series of difficult sectors, they took a glorious part in the great decisive battle which brought the final victory.

In sectors they have shown an endurance, a vigilance, a spirit of devotion and remarkable discipline.

In battle they have taken by storm, with a magnificent animation, very strong positions doggedly defended by the enemy.

In contemplating the departure of these two fine regiments which I commanded with pride, I desire to tell them all how much I think of them for the generous and precious concurrence which they brought to us at the decisive period of the war.

I shall keep them always in my soldier heart, their loyal memories, and particularly those of their distinguished commanders who have become my friends.

COLONEL QUILLET,
Commanding the I. D., 157.

About the same time the above was issued, General Goybet, Commanding Officer of the 157th French Division, sent out the following General Orders:

GENERAL ORDERS

On the 12th of December, 1918, the 371st and 372nd R. I. U. S. have been placed at the disposal of the American High Command.

With a deep feeling of emotion, on behalf of the 157th Division, and in my own personal name, I come to bid farewell to our brave comrades.

For seven months we have lived brothers in arms, partaking in the same activities, sharing the same hardships and the same dangers. Side by side we took part in the great Champagne Offensive which was to be crowned by a tremendous victory.

Never will the 157th Division forget the indomitable dash, the heroical rush of the American regiments up the Observatory Ridge and into the Plain of Monthois.

The most powerful defenses, the most strongly organized machine-gun nests, the heaviest artillery barrages—nothing could stop them. These crack regiments overcame every obstacle with a most complete contempt for danger; through their steady devotion the Red Hand Division, for nine whole days of severe struggle, was constantly leading the way of the advance of the Fourth Army.

Officers, non-commissioned officers and men, I respectfully salute our glorious comrades who have fallen, and I bow to your colors, side by side with the flag of the 333rd Regiment of Infantry that have shown us the way to victory.

Dear Friends from America, when you will be back again on the other side of the ocean, don't forget the Red Hand Division; our brotherhood has been cemented in the blood of the brave, and such bonds will never be destroyed.

Remember your General, who is so glad of having commanded you, and be sure of his grateful affection to you forever.

GENERAL GOYBET,
Commanding the 157th Division.

On January 24, 1919, for taking strategic town in Champagne Offensive the 372nd Infantry was cited with the Croix de Guerre and palm, the highest honor of the kind in the gift of the French Army. It was the first entire organization of the American Expeditionary Forces to be thus cited.[3] It was received at the hands of Vice-Admiral Moreau, French Commander of the Port of Brest, and the ceremony took place at Cours Dajot, overlooking the Port of Commerce of that city.

In a word of conclusion with regard to the entire record of the combatant troops, many of

whom went overseas with hesitations and misgivings because of the great battle they had already been compelled to fight against the ill-will of their own countrymen, it seems that their wonderful achievements in the face of a propaganda that continued even across the seas, make them fully worthy of the beautiful tribute paid them in the following poem by Roscoe C. Jamison:*

"These truly are the Brave,
These men who cast aside
Old memories, to walk the blood-stained pave
Of sacrifice, joining the solemn tide
That moves away, to suffer and to die
For freedom,—when their own is yet denied!
O Pride! O Prejudice! When they pass by,
Hail them, the Brave, for you now crucified!

These truly are the Free,
These souls that grandly rise
Above base dreams of vengeance for their wrongs,
Who march to war with visions in their eyes
Of peace through Brotherhood, lifting glad songs
Aforetime, while they front the firing line.
Stand and behold! They take the field to-day,
Shedding their blood like Him now held divine,
That those who mock might find a better way!"

* By permission of *The Crisis.*

Miscellaneous Views of Officers and Men

1. Officers engaged in automatic rifle practice. 2. Sergeant Charles T. Monroe, a winner of the Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross. 3. Group of Officers of 372nd Infantry and French Associates. 4. At the mouth of a dugout. 5. Sergeants Ray Williams and Wadley Ellis receiving wireless messages from Eiffel Tower. 6. French Officer giving instructions in machine-gun tactics. 7. Two comrades of the famous "Red Hand Division."

If the muse were mine to tempt it
And my feeble voice were strong,
If my tongue were trained to measure
I would sing a stirring song.
I would sing a song heroic
Of those noble sons of Ham
Of the gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Non-Combatant Troops

THERE was little difference in the spirit of those who went to France as welfare workers and those who went as soldiers. Both felt the urge of the hour—both desired to be stationed where they could give most—serve most. Hence it was not strange that we reached the Y headquarters in Paris hoping to be forwarded to some one of the fighting units, and that during the ten days of preparation for the camp, we were looking wishfully toward the front. Indeed, one of us had come from Illinois, and had already been adopted as the daughter of the 370th Regiment. The other had come from the Metropolis, and somehow felt the whole responsibility for the welfare of the "Fifteenth New York" and the "Buffaloes" resting upon her weak shoulders. It is easy then to imagine our disappointment when we were assigned to the S. O. S., or Service of Supplies Sector. It was just at this point we found it necessary as members of the American Expeditionary Forces to learn one of the most important lessons of the army—that of obedience.

But it was a most kind Providence that sent us away from the scenes of devastation and death for our first service, and placed us where we could come into a comprehensive knowledge and appreciation of our non-combatant forces. Seven months of continuous service and daily contact in the camp with these men warrant our writing with

On the Way to the Docks at St. Nazaire

SERGEANTS DUNN, TAPSCOTT AND JONES AT THE PORT

assurance certain definite impressions left upon our minds by them. We take it that the 20,000 soldiers whom we served, those visited at Brest and other S. O. S. points and those who rested with us in the Leave Area from Bordeaux, Marseilles, and other camps were typical of the one hundred thousand or so men who formed the non-combatant group.

These men were known chiefly as stevedores and labor battalions. Somehow a widely circulated report gained credence that they had been gathered indiscriminately, and had been landed on foreign soil, a mere group of servants for the white soldiers. We do not know who first sought to thus humiliate these soldiers by such unjust and undeserved rating. One might easily believe, of course, because of the constantly unfair attitude of some of their officers toward them, that there was some such assumption to that effect. But the world has learned now, that in spite of all handicaps, there could be found nowhere in the army stouter and braver hearts, or more loyal and self-sacrificing spirits. Subjected to a stern discipline; with discriminations, cruel in their intent and execution; long hours of toil; scant recognition for service or hope of promotion, they still kept their faith. Throughout the war they wrought as weavers who are given to see only the wrong side of the glorious pattern they are weaving. Indeed, through these men we came into an abiding belief that the colored man was in the war to justify his plea for democ-

racy. The first day we entered that busy military port of St. Nazaire, we saw a colored lad standing under the ancient clock in the center of the square. He had M. P. (military police) on his arm band in large red letters, and in his hand a stick with which he quietly directed the tremendous traffic of that town. Auto-trucks, auto-cars of officers from the highest to the lowest rank, auto-busses for welfare workers, sidecars, bicycles, used so constantly by French women as well as men, and the typical French *voiture* made a constant noisy stream. And this colored lad, who had come from a rural district of the far South, stood there calmly pointing his stick, now left, now right, or holding it up in demand for a pause. Surely he was there by Divine Thought.

The very first group of colored soldiers to leave for France in the autumn of 1917 were stevedores and labor battalions. Another group reached St. Nazaire, by way of Brest, Christmas eve of the same year. Time and time again in camp they told us the story of that first winter of hardship. Christmas day found them cold and cheerless, with hard tacks and beans for their rations. All that winter they worked, poorly equipped for their severe task. In the dark hours of the night and the morning, they plunged through the deep mud of the camp and city, without boots. On the dock they handled the cold steel and iron without gloves. But they *were soldiers*, and so they worked without complaint.

When the first American Forces reached the Continent, the French were calling loudly for help. All seemed chaos for a little, as thousands of troops began to reconstruct the ports of France. These quiet ports, many of them centuries gray, became centers of throbbing activity. Hundreds of warehouses, most modern in their construction, rose as if by magic. From the south where Marseilles looks out on the blue Mediterranean, to Brest at the entrance to the English Channel, our own stevedores, labor battalions and engineers, have rebuilt much of the water front of France, thus making a real epoch in the history of French navigation. During the last year of the war, these thousands of men were at work in the S. O. S., connecting it with the great battle front. System and efficiency, with the greatest possible haste, were required in speeding the supplies to combatant troops. All of this these soldiers comprehended and ever they responded with a decisive and soldier-like spirit. The incessant tramp of many feet through the city street, the constant rush and rumble of auto-trucks kept the camps of these ports closely linked with the docks.

All who were at work in France well remember that "Race to Berlin" contest, upon which the last great forward move of our troops so largely depended. The world looked not only toward Metz where our great combat army was centering, but just as often, anxious eyes were upon the rear where our men were toiling like mad that peace should

not be delayed through any failure of theirs. With feverish haste and anxiety they battled with great bulks of ammunition and supplies. For weeks at Marseilles, Bordeaux, St. Nazaire, Brest and other ports they worked with almost superhuman strength. Those serving these men during this contest labored with the same feverish spirit that possessed the men themselves. How they tried to cheer, encourage, and entertain our determined herocs as they contested for the honors! If by chance you see somewhere a soldier wearing the emblem of the S. O. S., with an arrow running through it and pointing skyward, you will know that he belongs to those service battalions at Brest who by their inexhaustible reserves of energy and endurance, won in the "Raee to Berlin."

Although these men were not called upon to face the shot and shell at the front, they paid their toll in death from accident, cold and exposure. No more at the rear than at the front did they pause to consider personal danger. They were truly heroes, carrying not bayonet and gun, but connecting the wonderful resources of their own country, three thousand miles away, with the greatest battlefields the world has ever known.

There went to rest in the land of light and peace a short time ago, one of the world's poets whose divinest gift was her great human understanding and sympathy. Long and well did Ella Wheeler Wilcox write to lift the souls of men from the sordid things of earth to the purer realms of sympathetic knowledge and co-operation. She was

given *entré* to the heart of the war, and saw the grim conflict in all its various settings. Riding along the coast one day, looking out upon the long lines of warehouses, hearing the hum of the thousands of men at work, she said: "I have gained with the years a growing appreciation and love for the colored people, and I have seen nothing in France finer than the work of the stevedores. I have written and dedicated a poem to them." That afternoon, after she had spoken for a few minutes to the thousands of swarthy soldiers, assembled to pay her homage, her companion read the poem as follows:

"We are the army stevedores, lusty and virile and strong.
We are given the hardest work of the war and the hours are long.
We handle the heavy boxes and shovel the dirty coal;
While soldiers and sailors work in the light, we burrow below in the hole.
But somebody has to do this work, or the soldiers could not fight
And whatever work is given a man, is good if he does it right.

We are the army stevedores, and we are volunteers.
We did not wait for the draft to come, to put aside our fears.
We flung them away on the wings of fate, at the very first call of our land,
And each of us offered a willing heart, and the strength of a brawny hand.
We are the army stevedores and work as we must and may.
The cross of honor will never be ours to proudly wear away.

But the men at the Front could not be there,
And the battles could not be won
If the stevedores stopped in their dull routine,
And left their work undone.
Somebody has to do this work, be glad that it isn't you,
We are the army stevedores—give us our due!"

But this wonderfully revealing poem goes hardly far enough to give full appreciation of the whole life of the colored stevedore in France. So often in addition to this "hardest work of the war," was added treatment accorded no other soldier. While white American soldiers were permitted to go freely about the towns, the great mass of colored American soldiers saw them for the most part, as they marched in line to and from the docks. Passes for them were oftener than otherwise as hard to secure as American gold. Always they were aware of some case of cruel injustice for which there seemed absolutely no redress. We found in our camp a young college student, who, believing that war spelled opportunity, was among the first to enlist. His education placed him at once in the office of his company, and he went to France a sergeant. He did not find that war meant for him what he had dreamed it would, but he kept loyal; his work commanded respect, and, for a time, all went well. But a company commander came who resented the pride of the colored boy, and then began a series of humiliations that took away rank, sent him to the guard-house and dock. Retribution is rather swift at times, and so this officer's downfall came soon. He never knew, however, that

MEN OF THE TWENTY-FIRST DEPOT COMPANY

the fond mother back home was the only thing that stood between him and death. The young man has since told us how happy he was to return home with his honor maintained, rank restored. But in camp his face hurt us as often as we looked upon it, so full it was of the endurance of an outraged manhood.

Even a short outing might be robbed of its pleasure. For how well we remember a company that had been granted a week-end leave as a reward for exceptional work. They were going to a neighboring summer resort—a miniature Coney Island. It had been arranged for them to tent on the beach. Just like children, they made us listen to all their enthusiastic plans and dreams of this outing. They went, but came back dumb in the despair of outraged truth and justice. A runner had preceded them, and the French restaurants and places of amusement had been warned not to receive them, since they were but servants of the white soldiers. Later the French knew better, but at that time it required more time and spirit than this company had, to convince the French people of the injustice of it all.

Always there was the knowledge that for them, loyalty, devotion, and energy, led to no higher rank, no possibility of promotion. True, orders were often issued that for the moment, seemed to include the colored soldier in their opportunity for advancement, but just as soon as he attempted to make himself a part of these orders, some subterfuge would be used to deny him the privilege of the army of which he was a part. Well for the

colored soldier in France, well for all, that he possessed the far-visioned faith and the endurance of his fathers!

Another misleading idea relative to the noncombatant organizations was to the effect that they were totally illiterate. While the percentage of illiteracy was high, on the other hand hundreds of men were of fair intelligence, while other hundreds had been given fine educational advantages. Not only could there be found large numbers of students and graduates of our colored schools, but there were many from the largest and best known universities and colleges of the United States. It was not unusual to have a man in fatigue uniform, as his working clothes were called, volunteer for some needed educational work, modestly announcing himself a graduate of Dartmouth, Iowa, Yale, or some other large university or college. Two of the best-trained physical directors of our race were discovered over there doing their "bit"—one as a stevedore on the dock, the other busily cutting wood with an isolated labor battalion. For every variety of profession or trade there was a representative. One had but to require the service of a stenographer, dentist, doctor, lawyer, electrician, plumber, draughtsman, pianist, illustrator, or what not, to find him at hand. Once in the palmy days of Camp One, St. Nazaire, an educational exhibit was held in the Y Hut and it was far more interesting, varied, and unique, than any one school could have possibly produced.

Labor battalions were to be found not only at the ports of France, but more than any other class of soldiers, they were spread over all France. Whether near the Belgian or Swiss border, or in "No Man's Land," one would be sure to find these indispensable troops. Oftener than otherwise these battalions would be split, and a company or two would be at Verdun or some other important center, while another company would be found in some woods cutting trees. The 608th Labor Battalion was the only organization regularly stationed at St. Nazaire, that had its own colored Sergeant-Major. So clean cut, intelligent and forceful was Sergeant Major Thomas, that he might have been a Major quite as well. His men were much like their leader, and we found it not only a pleasure but comfort to count them among "our boys."

At Romagne we worked side by side with the 332nd and 349th Labor Battalions. There with the Pioneer Infantries, they were grimly fighting through to the end. To the Leave Area came these men of the labor units in large numbers, and we have many pictures of them and with them. We have, better still, recollections of their faces, earnest and often sad—their eyes aglow as they related the story of their adventure in France. Always they had suffered but always they knew

> "That Freedom's battle once begun
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
> Though baffled oft—is ever won."

Hundreds of men among these non-combatant troops were so thoroughly fine that to mention a few of them in a special way seems hardly worth while, except as they represent types. We think of Charles Wright from Ann Arbor, Michigan, who not only performed his office work with thoroughness, but who, through all the long months, first at St. Nazaire, and later at Camp Montoir, gave himself with deep earnestness as a volunteer teacher for his less fortunate mates. Many others gave help in much the same manner for the educational, religious, and athletic activities, or for library or canteen service. There were Charles Wilkinson of the Medical Corps, Sergeants Farrell, Dunn, Jones, Ward, Armstrong and Tapscott, Corporal Henry Smith, Electrician Powell, all so faithful as to seem a part of the regular staff of Y workers.

There was one special group within this group for whom we had great sympathy and deep respect. They were the regular army men, who had seen real fighting, who were still in their prime, and longing for the opportunity to go "over the top." There were men who had seen service in Russia, the Philippines, Hawaii, heroes of the Spanish American War; men who had known the hideousness of Carrizal, all kept in the S. O. S. But they were soldiers and they knew how to hold their peace and obey. One had to but look at men like Sergeants Blue, Banks, Clark and Dogan, to know that even without the bars on shoulders, they were finer soldiers than many who wore them.

1. "A Canteen Man." 2. An Old Soldier—Sergeant Banks, 10th U. S. C.
3. Playing Ball at Camp No. 1, St. Nazaire. 4. Our Military Policeman.
5. An Electrician.

These non-combatant troops challenged the very best in those welfare workers who could appreciate the tremendous undercurrent of their lives and their rigid determination to be loyal to the country they served. Always during our days and nights with them, the urge and desire to serve was so keen as to make us forget the loss and strain of physical strength. Our greatest effort was centered in keeping constantly before them this truth so beautifully expressed by James Weldon Johnson:

"That banner which is now the type
  Of victory on field and flood,
Remember its first crimson stripe
  Was dyed by Attuck's willing blood.

And never yet has come the cry,—
  When this fair flag had been assailed
For men to do, for men to die,
  That we have faltered or have failed.

We've helped to bear it rent and torn,
  Through many a hot-breathed battle breeze;
Held in our hands, it has been borne
  And planted far across the seas.

Then should we speak but servile words,
  Or shall we hang our heads in shame?
Stand back of new-come foreign hordes,
  And fear our heritage to claim?

No! stand erect and without fear,
  And for our foes let this suffice,
We've brought a rightful sonship here,
  And we have more than paid the price."

The Engineers

No group of men had a deeper baptism of pain and loneliness in France than the Corps of Engineers. Although classed as non-combatant troops, they might, in an emergency, as at Chateau Thierry, become combatant. There, in the crisis of a struggle, they dealt the German invaders the decisive blow that not only sent them reeling to defeat, but caused the world in general to attach a new importance and appreciation to the work of the engineer.

The colored engineers, however, although sometimes trained with arms in the United States were, for the most part, not permitted the use of them in France. A corporal of the 546th Engineers writes, "Although some of us worked quite close behind the lines, within range of shot and shell, we did not see arms except such as lay discarded about the woods and in the fields."

There seems to have been little difference between the work done in France by the colored Engineers and Pioneer Infantries. Both were largely engaged in road building and general construction. However, the non-commissioned officers of the Pioneers were largely, if not entirely, colored and in many regiments, they retained their arms, while the engineers were rarely accorded rank beyond that of corporal and, as previously stated, rarely carried arms. But the colored engineers were a part of that far-visioned phalanx of dark-

skinned men who went to France to fulfil a trust and who remained true to the end.

Their work, too, was lightened by their ability to sing in the midst of thunderous guns. Many of the war songs were made into parodies of the shovel which the engineer jokingly made his emblem. The following is a parody of the song, "Mother":

"**S** is for the soup they always give us
H is for the ham we never get;
O is for the onions in the gravy,
V is for the victory we'll see yet.
E is for the end of our enlistment,
L is for the land we love so dear,

Put them altogether, they spell SHOVEL
The Emblem of the Engineer."

Wherever troops were fighting, the engineers could be found hard by and their faithful and efficient service won for them praise. For instance, the 37th who served as a part of a French Corps and afterwards with the First American Army Corps was cited for the high efficiency of its work.

The 546th spent many months in various parts of the forest of the Argonne and were also commended for their meritorious service; the same might be said of the 505th and many others.

But viewing their record as a whole we might sum it up in the following lines of Paul Laurence Dunbar:

> Thou hast the right to noble pride
> Whose spotless robes were purified
> By blood's severe baptism.
> Upon thy brow the cross was laid,
> And labor's painful sweat beads made
> A consecrating chrism.

An Engineers' Camp in France. Representatives of the Engineer Corps.

HOMING BRAVES

There's music in the measured tread
Of those returning from the dead
Like scattered flowers from a plain
So lately crimson, with the slain.

No more the sound of shuffled feet
Shall mark the poltroon on the street,
Nor shifting, sodden, downcast eye,
Reveal the man afraid to die.

They shall have paid full, utterly
The price of peace across the sea,
When, with uplifted glance they come
To claim a kindly welcome home.

Nor shall the old-time dædal sting
Of prejudice, their manhood wing,
Nor heights, nor depths, nor living streams
Stand in the pathway of their dreams!

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

Pioneer Infantries

STEVEDORES, engineers, and labor battalions had been rushed to France to blaze the trail for the American forces. Already the 15th New York, the 8th Illinois, 371st and 372nd Regiments had worked and fought their way to the thickest of the carnage. The 92nd Division was waiting for the final word that would carry them across. And yet the twelve million colored people of the United States had not fully answered the call. None, however, were more willing to serve the country in its hour of peril. Therefore there was a ready response, when late in May of 1918, President Wilson called for the organization of colored infantries.

The early history of these pioneer regiments was very similar. They were formed for the most part, out of provisional troops, a few men drawn from the regular army, and specialists from the various schools of Training Detachments. For instance, the 805th Pioneer Infantry Regiment was formed at Camp Funston, of provisional brigades; twenty-five men of the 25th Infantry, brought over from Hawaii; thirty-eight mechanics from Prairie View Normal School; twenty horseshoers and men skilled in the care of horses from Tuskegee Institute, and eight carpenters from Howard University. The best evidence of the high character of the service in France rendered by this regiment is the following:

HEADQUARTERS 805TH PIONEER INFANTRY

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE.

January 16, 1919.

From: Commanding Officer, 805th Pioneer Infantry.

To: The Adjutant General, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

Subject: Commendation of Regiment.

1. I feel it a duty which I owe the officers and enlisted men of this regiment which the War Department has given me the honor of commanding, to place on record at General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, the enclosed papers commending their conscientious and intelligent work.

2. The first is a letter from the Chief Engineer, First Army, regarding the services rendered by the 805th Pioneer Infantry in the Argonne-Meuse Campaign, which began September 26, 1918, in which this organization participated from October 3rd to the conclusion of the Armistice. The second is a letter from the Chief Salvage Officer, First Army, stating that the regiment "by its intelligent co-operation and initiative" was of great assistance to him.

3. I claim no credit for myself, but only for the officers and men to whose energy, judgment, tact and force of the highest grade, must be attributed any success this regiment may have attained.

2 Encl.

C. B. HUMPHREY,
Colonel Infantry, U. S. A., Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST ARMY.

OFFICE OF CHIEF ENGINEER.

November 24, 1918.

From: Chief Engineer, First Army.

To: The Commanding Officer, 805th Pioneer Infantry.

Subject: Services rendered during offensive.

1. The Chief Engineer desires to express his highest appreciation to you and to your regiment for the services rendered to the First Army in the Offensive between the Meuse and the Argonne, starting September 26th, and the continuation of that Offensive on November 1st and concluding with the Armistice of November 11th.

2. The success of the operations of the Army Engineer Troops toward constructing and maintaining supply lines, both roads and railway, of the Army, was in no small measure made possible by the excellent work performed by your troops.

3. It is desired that the terms of this letter be published to all the officers and enlisted men of your command at the earliest opportunity.

4. A copy of this letter has been sent to the Chief of Staff, First Army.

GEORGE R. SPALDING, *Col. Engrs.,*
Chief Engineer, First Army,
American E. F.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST ARMY,

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SALVAGE OFFICER.

December 17, 1918.

From: Chief Salvage Officer, First Army.

To: Colonel C. B. Humphrey, Commanding Officer, 805th Pioneer Infantry.

Subject: Commendation.

1. I wish to express my appreciation of the very excellent work done by you and your command, while I had charge of the Salvage Operations in the Battle Area, First Army.

2. Your regiment by its intelligent co-operation and initiative has been of the greatest assistance in carrying on operations, conducted under very trying conditions.

JEREMIAH BEALL,
Lieutenant Colonel, Ord. Dept.,
Chief Salvage Officer.

HEADQUARTERS, 805TH PIONEER INFANTRY,
AMERICAN E. F.

January 17, 1919.

1. It is with pleasure that I publish herewith true copies of the foregoing letters for the information of this command.

C. B. HUMPHREY,
Colonel Infantry, U. S. A.,
Commanding.

Official:

PAUL S. BLISS,
Capt. Inf., U. S. A., Adjutant.

The 805th had three men at the University of London during the educational period, Sergeant Major Marriott, and Sergeants Walter Powers and Leonard Barnett. This was another testimony to the worth of its personnel.

The 806th formed at Camp Funston at about the same time as the 805th, and the 815th and 816th, formed there later, were made up in much the same way. Twelve hundred enlisted men of 158th Depot Brigade made the foundation of the 802nd Pioneer Infantry, formed at Camp Sherman, while other groups from the regular army were disributed through the regiment.

The outstanding characteristic of these regiments was their rapid mobilization and departure for France. Very brief, at best, was the training they received in the American camps. In some instances it was as highly intensive and thorough as time allowed. The great mass of these men had known absolutely nothing of military life six weeks, and, in some cases, three weeks, before taking transport for France. But they went as others had gone, resolute and firm in faith. As they sailed away, their folk knew that they had given the residue of their strong young manhood. The last hope of the colored Americans had been cheerfully placed upon the altar as their gift. It was their last grim insistence on the triumph of the Great Cause for which the race stood so desperately in need.

A wonderful sight were those convoys with their mighty hosts, as they plowed their way across those three thousand miles of periled ocean! More

GROUP OF PIONEER INFANTRYMEN

wonderful if we can really realize that for them death was ever near, hiding its piratical and cruel head beneath the waves. Relative to a voyage across at that time we quote from the history of one of the regiments the following:

"At least once daily, and often three times, the bugle sounded 'Boat Call' and thereupon everyone hurried to his assigned place. Fire drills often accompanied boat drills.

Each vessel bore a heavy gun astern and howitzers forward for firing depth bombs. Details were told off to help serve the guns. During the last four days out officers were posted alternately with enlisted men on submarine lookout posts, so that there were five officers, and five enlisted men continually on this duty in addition to the regular guard.

Portholes were closed at dusk throughout the entire voyage and no smoking outside was permitted after dark. Silence on deck after dark was also prescribed during the last four days. No bugle calls were permitted during foggy weather.

Good ships had gone down in the same area and there were times when there was anxiety. Once a mine was sighted and passed at about sixty feet. The matter was flashed to the destroyers who went to the spot and dropped depth bombs. Two days out word was received that a submarine had been sighted by a destroyer dead ahead. At the same time the cruiser signalled and the whole convoy literally 'went by the left flank.' From that time on the course was changed every few minutes."

So, not only that regiment but others crossed. And some others had far more exciting and hazardous times fighting those German sea monsters. On both sides of the Atlantic there was anxious waiting; and now and then it was useless waiting, for

as these brave sons journeyed across, some found their graves in the deep gray fathomless deep. There white crosses and poppies may not be found, but resting in that mysterious sea world, new emblems of honor, beautiful and sparkling, will decorate them for all time.

We were with the soldiers in France, cut off almost entirely from the outer world. One morning the word was flashed through camp that a whole regiment of Pioneer Infantry had arrived. "What are Pioneer Infantries?" everyone asked. Many answers were volunteered but none very satisfactory. This ignorance was not altogether our own fault. We had heard no mention of pioneers in those first days of mobilization before we left the United States. Our "continental editions" of the New York *Herald,* London *Times,* and Chicago *Tribune* were just about as meagre of information as they were of size. True, friends sent us magazines and papers, but in those days they rarely reached us. So we asked—"What are Pioneer Infantries?"

All were quickly at work preparing to receive the newcomers. An addition of three thousand men meant extra work. Reams of paper and thousands of envelopes had to be prepared for easy distribution, because writing material was the very first demand of the soldier landing on foreign soil. Above all other pressing needs was the need to write the folk back home that, "I got over all right." Not only were letters hurried home, but the hands of the Y folk were quickly filled with messages to

be cabled. Extra gallons of chocolate had to be made and canteen supplies enlarged; special "information bureaus" set up; money made ready for exchange and other details arranged for prompt service.

But as we worked we also wondered about these new soldiers. The word "pioneer" embodied a wealth of courage and daring, so that long before the 807th rushed our hut that September afternoon, we had woven about them all the wonderful dreams of their achievements at the front that it is possible for a woman's fancy to fashion. And, although they never had all the chance we had dreamed for them, they did not fail us. Wherever an opportunity challenged them, they triumphantly answered it, as attested below:

HEADQUARTERS, 807TH PIONEER INFANTRY,
M. T. C. RECEPTION PARK, 714,
Bourg (Haute Marne), France.
A. P. O. 714.

April 26, 1919.

General Orders No. 2.

1. The commanding officer takes pleasure in publishing to the command the following letters received from General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, relative to participations of the 807th Pioneer Infantry in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. It is desired that this order be published to all troops, and that proper recognition of the same be made on all records pertaining thereto. It is the intention of the Commanding Officer to present this ribbon when the regiment has again assembled. Service ribbons as prescribed, will be forwarded as soon as received.

France, April 19, 1919.

From: The Adjutant General, American 3. 1.
To: Commanding Officer 807th, Pioneer Infantry.
Subject: Ribbons.

1. Herewith is a copy of the order issued at these Headquarters on the subject of the award of silver bands to be engraved and placed upon the Pike of Colors of Lance of the standards of the organizations which have served in the A. E. F.; even if we get here in France the prescribed silver bands, it would be impossible to have the engraving done in time to present them to the divisions entitled to them. For that reason each organization is given a ribbon which shows which battle it participated in. This ribbon will be retained until the proper silver band is presented by the War Department.

2. The Commander in Chief directs me to send the ribbons to you, and to ask you to present them with appropriate ceremonies to the units for which they are intended. He regrets that this cannot be done by him in person.

By Command of GENERAL PERSHING.

J. A. JONES.

France, April 19, 1919.

From: Commander-in-Chief, American E. F.
To: Commanding Officer 807th, Pioneer Infantry
Subject: Battle Participation.

1. Following is a list of battle engagements of the 807th Pioneer Infantry Regiment, during the War with Germany, including organizations which are entitled to the silver bands awarded under paragraph 244, Army Regulations. The ribbons furnished herewith are in lieu of the bands which will be supplied by the Adjutant General of the Army later.

(1) Meuse-Argonne Offensive, France, October 25 to November 11, 1918. Organization entitled to silver band: 807th Regiment of Pioneer Infantry.

By Command of GENERAL PERSHING.

J. A. JONES,
Adjutant General.

By Order of COLONEL CARY.

CHARLES W. ROOTH,
Captain, 807th Pioneer Infantry,
Acting Adjutant.

Somehow it seemed difficult for the above regiment and others, whom we questioned from time to time, to know just why they had been honored with their name. Many of them had the high hope at first, as one fine soldier expressed it, that they were to be trained into the highest type of combatant troops, who were to clear the way to victory. Their record is abundant proof that they did clear the way to victory, but it was hardly as combatant troops that they won their honors. Although sharing the general hardships of the front, subjected to its shot and shell, they had small chance for real fighting. When the Armistice came several of these regiments had reached the trenches, and with another week of war, their story would have been a very different one.

Most of these regiments as they reached France, were forwarded to the Haute-Marne Training Area where they were given short but strenuous instructions in French warfare. From there they were

again sent forward, this time to the aid of the various fighting detachments.

A notable exception to this general disposition of these Pioneer Regiments was the 809th—a sturdy set of lads from the Middle and Northwest. They arrived in France in early October, and almost immediately were ordered to the front. Investigation showed that this regiment had been formed about the first of September, sailed the 21st of the same month, and that most of the men knew very little about handling a rifle. The order was revoked and the regiment kept in the rear, most of them being sent to Nantes, where they remained until the following summer. And yet this regiment had a larger percent of professional men and skilled artisans in their ranks than most of the others. Three of the nine who went to the University of London were from this organization. Howard Drew, the world-champion at a hundred yards, Dismukes, Lyons, Malacher and Charleston of baseball fame were a part of it. Lionel Artis, now Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Indianapolis was one of its fine Regimental Sergeant Majors. An officer admitted to the men that he had been requested to recommend some of them for commissions, but preferred to keep them to build up the regiment.

The experiences of these Pioneer regiments in France, related in their own unique expressions, would make a volume of much historical value, rich in humor and pathos. Each regiment held a certain pride for outstanding qualities peculiar to

PIONEER INFANTRYMEN

Sergeants Baylis, Coleman and Freeman.
Sergeant-Majors Long, Armstead and Clifford.
Sergeants Carr and Johnson.

itself. Very often we found "silence golden" as we sat in the midst of heated discussions relative to the merits of these various "8s," as they were often called, because the regiments ranged in number from 801 to 816. But we did learn by personal contact that each organization had its own distinctive fineness and fitness, and all who served these men in France will ever count it one of their greatest privileges as welfare workers.

The first of these regiments to reach France was the 808th, which landed at Brest September 7th, 1918. There were many men in this group of superior intellect and character—Maurice Clifford, a teacher of the High School, Washington, D. C., and son of Honorable and Mrs. William H. Clifford, was one of its regimental sergeant majors; Cornelius Dawson, graduate of Lincoln University, had left his theological course at Philadelphia to join the ranks. Warwick Johnson of Virginia Union University fame was one of them, along with hundreds of others of the same type. These men were called to help the 12th Engineers in the construction of a narrow gauge railway at the front. As they worked, shot and shell rained over them. In their dugouts they were tortured by rats and "cooties." Small wonder that an officer who had observed it all should have remarked: "We cannot understand their make-up, for under hardest conditions they hold themselves together and are able to raise a song." It seems after all that only black folk can interpret the "Souls of Black Folk." We went to look for the "808" at Dombasle where

they had their headquarters so long after the war ended. But they had entrained, and there was left only the dreary waste and desolation, that swept unbroken over many a mile, to tell us the terrible isolation they had suffered in France.

One of the men of the "813" said: "We endured all the hardships of the front but missed the thing we wanted most—some real whacks at the enemy." This was no doubt true, for this regiment was really bombarded from one front to the other until it reached St. Remy a few miles from Metz. Then the order came to fight! It was two o'clock in the morning, and at four they were moving forward. For two days they were under constant fire. This regiment held itself with a justifiable pride. Regimental Sergeant Major W. W. Tyler, fine in physique, intellect and manners, was a fit leader and representative of the men under him. Whether in field maneuvers under Sergeant Major Williams of the 24th Infantry, or in the office with men like Jay Dickinson, one was conscious of the high intelligence of the soldiers of the "813th." We went one Sunday to visit some of this particular regiment. At that time it had been distributed on the various battlefields to assemble the American dead in cemeteries, and we were visiting the companies at Belleau Wood and Fere-en-Tardenois, near Chateau Thierry. At these places the men gathered in the huts to hear a word from the Y secretaries. Each had received the hearty applause that only soldiers know how to give. But there was one young lad in the party, formerly a sergeant in

the regiment, who had been released to the Y. M. C. A. for service. It was when he modestly moved forward to say his word that the men made the hut too small for their outburst. There were yells and cries for "Sergeant Burwell! Burwell!" until, putting his hand to his mouth, he yelled back, "Fellows, give me a chance!" He stood before them with a wonderful light on his face, and drove home plain truths about right living; he told them about those secret places of reward for the hard things they were then doing. The men listened to him and cheered, because they knew that he exemplified in his own life the message he gave them.

The day was closing at Fere-en-Tardenois and we went to sit on a log and eat supper out of a borrowed mess kit. It was then two of the fellows said they wanted to tell us something. This is what they told us. "We think you might be able to tell some of the Y men about our condition here, and they could help change it. We find the French villagers here have been told we are an aggregation of diseased men, sent to dig these graves and bury the dead as a punishment!" It had been a glorious day, full of the fun and joy to be found in the midst of our young manhood, and we had realized all the delightful thrills of being A. W. O. L. (absent without official leave). But now the cloud came as it so often did in France. We looked out upon the war shattered landscape about us, and wondered why the spirits of the thousands of French, who had allowed themselves to be mowed down in that very place rather than

surrender the principles of right, did not rise up to curse this awful wrong. With tears in our souls, but with brave eyes, we talked to them. We did tell this case, but the soul that should have been strong to vindicate them, proved but a weakling, and the young Y man who made the attempt to help them, was not only thwarted, but crushed for his effort.

Several of the Pioneer regiments touched foreign soil at Liverpool. Some were held there for service as were some labor battalions. But most of them crossed England to Southampton and landed at La Havre. This was the route of the 802nd, who came largely from West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Making long and exhausting hikes, this regiment also reached the First Army where it talked little and worked hard. Says one of the men: "Our regiment was divided about October 1st into three sections. The first battalion was given the task of helping the engineers build a standard gauge railway from Aubreville to a point north, half-way to Varennes—a distance of ten kilometers. The second battalion was to connect up with the first battalion at this point—thence northward five kilometers beyond Varennes. The third battalion was given the task of furnishing rock from the stone quarries for the repair of the highway. All this work was highly essential in order to keep the firing line supplied with ammunition, rations, etc. The conditions in the sector were at all times most trying. The men were subjected to bombardment from enemy long range guns and aerial attacks

almost daily. But the railroad was completed in a short time, and supplies were speeding up to the front for the final drive."

November 18th, seven days after the Armistice was signed, the entire 802nd Pioneer Regiment was highly commended in general orders by the Chief Engineer of the First American Army in which he declared their services indispensable to the final drive. We must look behind this record to the quiet, dignified, but wonderfully alert enlisted men who made it. The ranking Regimental Sergeant Major, J. Emmet Armistead, was not only an experienced army man of spotless record, cultured by hard study and Old World travel, but a high type of Christian soldier. Although still young, he carries the marks of Philippine fighting and is an expert swimmer, horseman, marksman and athlete. But one learned this only after many conversations and gentle probings. This spirit of modesty went down through the regiment. We think of Sergeant Toney of Ohio University, Sergeant Kenneth Pack of Virginia Union University, and many others who made us conscious of the fineness of the regiment.

No two Pioneer regiments were quite so famed as hard workers and hard fighters as the 801st and the 803rd. Both shared the toil and danger of other regiments, but both seemed to have been determined to fight for right treatment, although it meant continuous fighting. At Brest, we saw evidence of the labors of the 801st in the transformation of Pontanezen from a mudhole to the cleanest and most modern of camps. These men

came from Indiana and Kentucky, and the regiment was formed at Camp Taylor, largely of the 157th and 159th Depot Brigades. The Y. M. C. A. gained two secretaries from it, Sergeant Majors Eggleson and Watkins, who gave fine service to their former comrades. Regimental Sergeant Major U. S. Donaldson of this organization was among the brightest and most popular of the soldier-students who went to the British Universities.

Of all the Pioneer regiments, we knew the 803rd best—those "terrible" Illinois lads, one thousand of whom came from Chicago. In fact they were *our own* regiment, for they christened us godmother with water that flowed straight down from the far-famed Alps. It was for some of the men of this regiment that we first cooked sausages and pancakes in the Leave Area; for its band that we made our first ice cream there. It was there that group after group told us of their lonely life at St. Maurice, Vigneulies, and other points near Verdun. Afterward, we were sent to serve them, but, alas, it was too late, as they had entrained. However, we caught up with the whole regiment at Pontanezen, and there, instead of our serving them, they served us. True, we gave them ice cream, lemonade, cookies, "movies" and books. But whatever of beauty and comfort came to the Y hut known as "Soldiers' Rest" at Camp Pontanezen, was largely due to the energy, time and money invested by the 803rd in its remodeling. From Company M, with its wonderful sergeants from the regular army, always alert to help us, we were

Men of the Pioneer Infantries

1. Sergeant Sheridan. 2. Sergeant Roach. 3. Sergeant Chapman. 4. Sergeant Jeton. 5. Sergeant Dawson. 6. Sergeant Gowdy. 7. Sergeant-Major Hardy. 8. Sergeant-Major H. L. Coverdale with Sergeants 9. Sergeant Blackwell

supplied the finest "detail" for work about the hut to be found in all France. But the volunteer details were no less fine, and we can never forget Taylor and James who constituted themselves our protectors as well as hut carpenters.

We could fill a whole book with the names of men of this regiment who throng our memory. There was Gowdy, Griffin, Williams, Jetton, Sheridan, Harrison and Matthews all soldiers, but gentlemen first; there was Curtis Kennedy, whose young face shone as he talked of his wife, mother and baby back home; there was Sergeant Washington, who knew so well the value of a balanced menu, and gave us our best mess in France, then sailed away, leaving us to our leanest days. But memory clings closest to the one, who in addition to the loneliness and hardship of life at the front, had bitter gall sent him from home to drink. For a time it seemed too much to endure, and he was ready for the plunge of despair. Slowly but surely, we drew that man back from the precipice, and lingered near till he was on sure ground, and the strength of the real soldier had come once again into his veins. What joy to know that for him there is still the grim determination to walk the better way.

One afternoon, in our hut at the port, a whistle sounded and a sharp command followed, "All men of the 804th report to their barracks at once." What did it matter that the most interesting pictures imaginable were being passed over the screen! The "804th," with its plenty of brain and plenty of brawn—who had now and then sent an over-

bearing military police into deep repose—the "804th," with the isolations and hardships of the front still haunting it, was going home that July day. Oh, the gladness of them for this hard-earned reward! It was so contagious that it filled not only their souls but those of their comrades of other organizations, waiting for the same message.

Some one said that the order went forth, "only handsome men for the 806th." Certain it was that everywhere they went in France one heard their good looks mentioned. But it in no wise spoiled them for the immense amount of work they did. At the front, at Montrichard, at Orley, and last near Paris, where they helped to build the celebrated Pershing Stadium, they carried themselves with honor. Many of the men of this regiment, too, sought for training and commissions, but were told that they were too badly needed by their regiment to encourage any changes.

The "811th" and "814th" had their regiments split up from the beginning and used at many points—chiefly in the S. O. S. We believe that some companies of the "814th" saw service in England. These men were rushed across the ocean at the last moment, but they did great service in salvaging and reconstruction after the Armistice came. We recall an amusing incident in connection with one company of the "814th." It had but recently reached our area, and was at mess in one of the huge mess halls, constructed towards the end of the war. We were bravely plunging through the

deep mud so common to the camps in France, and wearing high boots, the novelty of which had long since been forgotten. We were startled by a sharp whistle, followed by the camp expression—"Oo-la-la!" that brought men and mess kits to the doors and windows. One exclaimed, "It's a genuine brown!" while another in most sympathetic voice added, "And it's got on boots too!" For a moment embarrassment swept over us, but we knew how genuine was the surprise of colored soldiers at first sight of their own women in France, so we laughed back and waved them a welcome to the Y hut. From the "811th," Sergeant Ulysses Young and from the "814th" Sergeant Everett Brewington, were among those who went to King's College in England.

We had been waiting among the ruins of Verdun a whole week, by order of the Regional Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; he was trying to convince the colonel in charge of Camp Romagne that women would help to better the conditions in that camp. But the colonel was not easily convinced. He told us afterward, that it was not colored women, but just women that he felt should not be with the soldiers in the camps. "War was stern and men ought to be hard at such times." He was not alone in this opinion, for not only did colonels feel that way, but many soldiers and welfare workers were of that opinion. However, we finally rode from Verdun to Romagne in a wonderfully uncertain Ford, through thirty-six kilometres of blinding dust that bit and stung for several days.

But it was all well worth while, for it gave us the chance to share the life of the 815th and 816th Pioneers, with the labor battalions who were there in the camp, and that of some of the companies of the "813th" who came later.

We reached the camp on Mother's Day, and as many of the men as could crowd the "hanger," as the tent auditorium was called, were there. After a year among soldiers, we had become quite accustomed to whistles, calls, applause and shouts; otherwise the noise occasioned by a woman's advent among the thousands of men, might have overwhelmed us, and made it impossible to reach the rostrum.

The work of these stalwart California lads of the "815th," and of the "816th," so many of whom came from the Central West, is told elsewhere in the chapter Reburying of the Dead. Their record, with that of the "813th," and labor battalions who helped at the task, is the most sacred of all the Pioneer regiments. They were "our boys" at Romagne, and again at Brest! They were the very last of the Pioneers to reach France and the last to reach America again. It was a picture to linger in the memory, as with packs on back, bags in hand and heads erect, we saw these men march at the dawn of the day out of the camp, down the long dusty road, over the city streets to the waiting transports. They were not permitted to look to the right or left, but as they passed slowly by, a lifting of the eyes, a movement of the hand, or in some small way, the women who had served them

recognized through tear-dimmed eyes a warm adieu.

Those Pioneer regiments, so quickly mobilized to meet an emergency, were just as quickly demobilized with the return of the men to America. But the strengthening and unifying processes through which they passed as a result of the hard work, hard sacrifices, and in many cases, hard treatment of the war, can never be demobilized. There will be little whining from these men who are even yet Pioneers. But certain of their power of achievement, keen and courageous for truth and justice, they will hold fast to their vision of the future, and with strong, sure hands, build toward that future.

Ye Queens, who bear the birth-pangs of a world,
To whom the nations in this hour of stress,
For succor look, and for the truth to bless,
Ye great, whose fondled darlings, combed and curled,
Are in the shell-torn, shamble-trenches hurled,
To stay the hellish Hun, who else would press,
The cup of degradation and distress,
To lips of men with freedom's flag unfurled—
Ye valiant mother-band who gladly gave,
The first fruits of your riven wombs to save,
The world from horrors darker than the grave,
Ye are the Brave, who in your Country's need
Did sow the trenches with your precious seed—
The greatest gift of war, and valor's noblest deed.

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD.

Over the Canteen in France

PRESS and pulpit, organizations and individuals were beseeching and demanding in 1918 that the Red Cross add some of our well-trained and experienced nurses to their "overseas" contingent, but no favorable response could be obtained. Meantime, the Paris Headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association cabled as follows: "Send six fine colored women at once!" This call came so suddenly that for a while attention was diverted from the Red Cross issue that had been so uppermost in all minds.

Six women! A small number to be sure, but the requirements for eligibility were not so easy to meet and one must not have a close relative in the army. Many questions were asked. "Was there a real need for women over there? "Could they stand the test?" "Would they not be subjected to real danger?" "Were not gruesome stories being told relative to terrible outrages perpetrated on women who had gone?" To these questions and others there seemed to be but just one reply. It was that if hundreds of other women had answered the call to serve the armies of the Allies, surely among the thousands of colored troops already in France and other thousands who would soon follow there would be some place of service for six colored women. A few leaders were far-visioned enough to see the wisdom of colored women going overseas. Mr. Fred. R. Moore, Editor of the *New*

York Age, worked untiringly to help secure the required number, while Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Maj. R. R. Moton, and Mr. Emmett Scott strongly endorsed the sending over of colored women.

Almost immediately Mrs. James L. Curtis and Mrs. William A. Hunton, were invited to go to France. Those were the days when sailing dates were kept secret and orders for departures given at the last moment. When the first call to sail came, Mrs. Hunton could not easily be released from the war work she had undertaken for the Young Women's Christian Association. But the following week, Mrs. Curtis, keenly anxious for the adventure, was permitted to go alone. Meanwhile, Miss Kathryn Johnson had been called from Chicago, and three weeks later sailed with Mrs. Hunton.

For all the period of the war and the dreary winter that followed it, there were just these three colored women with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. Time and time again they were lifted up by rumors that other canteen workers were on the way. Whenever they saw women arriving fresh from America, they would at once inquire if there were any colored women in their party. Always the rumors would prove false and the answer negative. Two hundred thousand colored soldiers and three colored women in France! So it was for many months. But finally the dream of help was realized when in the spring of 1919 sixteen canteen workers reached France. Only sixteen, to be sure, but to the three who had waited

and served so long alone, they seemed a mighty host.

What a wonderful spirit these sixteen women brought with them! They had been impatiently waiting, some of them for many months, to answer the call. They knew how their soldiers needed their presence in France so they arrived eagerly ready for that last lap of Y service, the importance and significance of which can hardly be over-estimated. The Armies of the Allies had won the war, but there was a moral conflict for the war-weary men hardly less subtle and deadly in its effects than the conflict just ended. It required a program of compelling interest to hold the soldiers against the reaction of war's excitement and ghastly experiences, and the new thirst for home and friends. Therefore, the coming at that time of sixteen canteen workers for our soldiers was wonderfully opportune.

But just what of the canteen service for all the months that had preceded their coming? How had just three of us managed to be mothers, sisters and friends to thousands of men?

The first colored woman who reached France had been sent to Saint Sulpice in the great Bordeaux area, and though she was quickly returned to Paris, the few days she had spent in the camp made a bright spot for the men there in that veritable wilderness of hardships. That she made ice cream and other "goodies" for them, and best of all, let them open their hearts to her, was never forgotten by the men of that camp. Reaching

Paris, we found her with a group of men secretaries ordered home. It was then that for the first time we questioned the wisdom of our adventure. Surely we had not given up home, friends and work for such an experience! Would blind prejudice follow us even to France where men were dying by the thousands for the principles of truth and justice? There had been no slackening of the impulse to serve, when as a part of a mighty procession, we crossed the periled deep; no lessening of our enthusiasm for war work as we looked for the first time upon war's dark picture. But somehow this incident, with its revelation of the fact that prejudice could follow us for three thousand miles across the Atlantic to the very heart of the world's sorrow, tremendously shocked us in those first days. But it was a challenge to a heroic sacrifice, and we realized the significance of the challenge more deeply as the months receded.

Miss Kathryn Johnson was appointed to Brest, but that area, too, seems not to have been keen to the advantage of a colored canteen worker, so that she was returned to Paris. Both Miss Johnson and Mrs. Curtis were then assigned to the advanced sector, but found it impossible, because of the terrible drive, to reach their posts.

Meantime, Mrs. Hunton had been sent to the St. Nazaire area, and it is there that our story of canteen service really begins, because whatever of success came to the colored women in France, was due primarily to the record made by them in this area.

The St. Nazaire area, in the region of the Loire, was more than any other the pioneer section for colored work. There went Franklin O. Nichols, the very first colored welfare worker to reach France, and there he constructed the first Y hut for colored men in France. Soon, he was joined by the Rev. Leroy Ferguson, Mr. John C. Wright and Mr. William Stevenson, each of whom had direction of a Y hut in the area. In due time several secretaries arrived to help these first men.

When Mrs. Hunton reached Saint Nazaire, she was immediately assigned to Y hut 5, Camp One, for canteen service under the direction of Mr. John C. Wright, and to visit other camps of the area. Miss Kathryn Johnson came next and was placed at Camp Lusitania with the Rev. Leroy Ferguson. Then came Mrs. Curtis, who joined Mr. Stevenson at Camp Montoir. It was thus that the first three canteen workers were placed for all the period of the war and many weeks thereafter.

The St. Nazaire area, more than any other in all France at that time, warmly welcomed and gave opportunity to the colored Y secretaries to demonstrate their spirit and ability to serve their own soldiers. Indeed, it seemed rather providentially planned to give colored *women* a first real chance. There were two reasons for this opportunity given them. First of all the broad, practical Christian spirit of the Divisional Secretary, Mr. W. S. Wallace, and second the attitude of our own Y men in charge of the huts. Mr. Wallace

was not only an executive of rare Christian courage, but his attitude and opinions commanded the respect of those under his supervision. He dealt with the colored men and women of his area in the same fine manner and spirit that he dealt with all others. We shall always remember him among those fine spirits of his race that hold our faith for the ultimate triumph of the brotherhood of man.

The second contributing cause for whatever of success the women came to have was in the personnel of the men with whom they worked. For, however fine might be the Divisional Secretary or no matter how far-visioned and energetic the woman herself might be, she could hardly render efficient service unless she had the sympathetic co-operation of her hut secretary.

The writer was most fortunate in doing her first work with Mr. John C. Wright. It was a rare privilege that gave us four months of most enthusiastic service under the direction of this Christian gentleman. He was one of the few men who really desired a woman in his hut, so that in our first four months of service we were able to plan and accomplish something really constructive for the seven thousand permanent colored troops of our camp, and to help the regiments that spent a few weeks with us as they prepared for the front. With him we tried to study and comprehend the needs and desires of the soldiers, "our boys," as we usually called them, and to meet these needs and desires in the very best way possible.

Over the canteen in France was essentially different from the same thing in the United States where friendships and home ties had not yet been really severed and war was still thousands of miles from the camp. In France, war, with its mystery of pain and suffering, was over all. Everywhere were evidence of its mutilation and destruction of life and home. Everywhere there was exhausting work and deep loneliness. In the most joyous hour in the Y hut we knew that there was a nervousness, a tenseness, a deep undercurrent of seriousness that could be found only in an environment of death and desolation.

Over the canteen in France friendships and confidences ripened quickly because of the loneliness of men—because of the haunting and yearning memories of their women-folk at home. A glass of lemonade or a cup of chocolate offered with a sympathetic touch was usually sufficient to break down all barriers and make way for the usual question, "Where are you from"? This answered, a like question asked and the acquaintance was established. Always there was real happiness if one could from somewhere in the memory resurrect a mutual friend in one of these home towns. Then came quickly talks of family and life in the States. We learned to anticipate that from some pocket in the jacket—usually the one nearest the heart—would be drawn forth a wallet or a much worn envelope. From it photographs would come forth. Sometimes it would be the "best mother," again the "dearest wife," and still again the "finest

girl" or "cutest kid" that a fellow ever had. The families or the girls would become visualized for us, and after that we would ask about them as if they were old friends.

Over the canteen in France, the woman became a trusted guardian of that home back in America. To her were revealed its joys and sorrows. Because of that same loneliness—that loss of background—the soldier poured out to the canteen worker his deepest and dearest memories and dreams. She must be ever ready to laugh with him, but she must also be ready to go down into heart-breaking valley with her soldier boy when he would get a bad bit of news—a mother, father, sister or even a wife or child might have been taken away; or, worse still, once in a great while the tragedy of faithlessness was made known to him. But by far, the letters from home were cheerful to have come straight from hearts of women tense with longing and anxiety. Oh, the pride of a new father! How well we remember a young "top" sergeant whom we had thought of as a mere boy. He walked up to the canteen one evening with the request that we send a cable home for him. He wrote the following: "Congratulations on birth of Spencer Roberts, Junior, and love to mother." Saying to us, "No matter about the cost, I want to send it all." How full of love were his eyes as he showed us the girl-face of that wife, and we could only say "How perfectly wonderful for the boy when he grows up! He will know that his

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father was in France at the time of his birth—a soldier in the world's greatest war."

When we established the first wet canteen in the St. Nazaire area for our own men, we were thinking of the real comfort of it to the men. We deliberately planned to make our chocolate so good that they would really come for it and our lemonade real lemonade, and crullers that would "taste just like home." But we could not even dream of all that it would mean in cheer, comradeship and good will. It was pathetic to see long lines of men patiently waiting for a cup of chocolate and a cookie—to find many coming from distant camps not alone for the refreshments, but for the good cheer they found with us. It was a picture that would have touched the hearts of the home-folk—these men sitting around on the window-seats or at the tables, hundreds of them—quietly talking and sipping their drink. And the Y woman would leave her post behind the canteen for a little and wander from table to table for a word, or she would drink a cup of chocolate with a little group while they talked of farming, opening a store or returning to college after the war. It was so little and yet it was so much in that every-day life of war—war so terrible—so long.

Over the canteen in France meant not simply the eat and drink of it when rightly interpreted. It meant that we must not rely alone on the "Movies" and entertainments sent from Headquarters to the soldiers—but we must supply games, entertainments of our own and even parties. One party—

our first—was only time in France we believe, in which we showed the "yellow streak." It was to be a beautiful party in spite of the fact that but two women would be present. Two days had been spent in decorating the hut and stringing extra lights. Our hut secretary suggested that we put aside our uniform for an evening gown and lead the grand march, to which we most enthusiastically assented. But we were hardly prepared for the sight that met our eyes as we entered the outer hut. There were men crowded in every space even to the rafters—more men than we had ever seen in any one room. It was no use. We just could not get the courage needed to lead a march, and so we quietly sat down and looked on that night. How we used to wish for our home girls in those days! Oh, if we could have had some of the fine ones we knew at home to help in those little social affairs! As we think of this first party, we recall the last more than a year later in the embarkation camp at Brest. Not seven thousand men this time, but probably three hundred, and nine women to dance with them. We held the watch and there would be a pause in the music at intervals of three minutes. That meant "change partners." The best part of that evening was the fun of securing a partner without a real rush upon her. Then, too, hearts were lighter by far than at that first party, for the war had ended, and the soldiers were simply waiting for the transports that would take them home.

With the co-operation of our splendid hut secre-

tary, Mr. J. C. Wright, we had fitted out the first reading and reception room for the soldiers in our area. Other rooms had been open to them, but this was open for them and others. It was there that our men loved best to go in the twilight and evening hour. How quickly they learned to feel that it was worth while to look spick and span for such a cozy spot. It was because of this lovely room with its magazines, books, comfortable seats, beautiful plants, flowers, and cheerful fire that many men could endure the months in which "passes" to leave camp could not be secured. "We should worry when we have a place like this," was a remark often heard in those days as they quietly discussed this special grievance. But this room became best known for its Chat Hour that came to fill it to overflow on Sundays at the twilight hour. Somehow it came to us that this was a lonely time for men. Sunday, just after supper—away from home and no special place to go. So we discussed it with some of the men and began with just informal talks on current topics—apart from the war or army. The interest grew. Men were there from Howard, Union, Hampton, Tuskegee, Morehouse, Atlanta, Clark, and other schools, so we had talks about their institutions and their founders. We had talks on race leaders, on work after the war—music, art, religion and every conceivable subject. We instituted a question box that was generally opened in fear and trembling, for one could never be quite sure of the questions. It might be, "When will you make us some fudge?"

or it might be, "Which is the greatest science?" A question like the first we would answer, while one like the second would be respectfully deferred to the hut secretary or chaplain. A cup of tea or chocolate with a wafer would give the social side to the hour. It was so much better than most lyceums and forums we have known here at home, because somehow it was, as most things were over there, so much more full of human warmth. This little Chat Hour started in a simple way at Hut Five, St. Nazaire, remains one of its most precious memories, and was adopted in many other places. When the soldiers, who were for so many months a part of that hut, were sent to Camp Lusitania, they carried the Chat Hour with them, and it was there one of the finest features of that great camp as it continued to be at Hut Five even after many changes had been made.

Over the canteen in France meant much letter writing and the wrapping and sending home little presents that had been approved by the company commanders. At Christmas tide, this involved many hours of work, as it did always at embarkation time. Frequently the Y woman must go shopping for her boys to buy not only the presents sent home, but also the little necessities that the canteen and commissary of the camp did not have.

How can the picture of Christmas in camp ever fade away? The Y. M. C. A. was a most generous Santa Claus in its wonderful trees, decorations and presents. The hut was full of good cheer, but it

was also full of memories, and men talked of other Christmastides back home. More than one fellow found it made him just too homesick to look upon the lighted Christmas tree, and yet he wanted it there—wanted that link with his own fireside. He was glad of the lights, of the music and the romping Santa who distributed the presents.

Then came the French school children—several hundreds of them, with their teachers, brought out in army trucks to be the guests of the camp. How their eyes filled with joyful wonder at the big glittering American tree! How they laughed and clapped as the men played, danced, and sang for them! Then they listened in wrapt silence as a Red Cross lady told them in French about the American Christmas and its wonderful Santa Claus. With the native grace peculiar to the French child they received the presents handed them by the soldiers, but not trying to conceal their perfect ecstasy over them or their bon-bons. How lovely is that fine child courtesy of the Old World!

Somehow one found time for a great many things in camp, and so between the Christmas tree and canteen, we had prepared a real Christmas dinner for the Y men and the soldiers who helped with the canteen. But the dinner was too much for one of the soldiers, and he carefully put it all aside till later. The memory of the past Christmas was too vivid, when he had just arrived in France, and had only the cold ground for a bed and cold beans and hard tack to eat. Before the beginning of the evening's activities, the hut was quiet for an

hour, and we sat in the firelight's glow for a moment of personal thought, on that wonderful Christmas day! So far were we from home and friends, yet far keener in human understanding and sympathy than ever before. In so many thousand American homes there could be no Christmas joy that day, only the memory of the dead lying somewhere on the cold bleak Western Front. What could the Christ Child signify at such a time? Perhaps there in the camp one could comprehend better than in America that through mighty travail was being born to the world a New Day in which men would be conscious of their worth, assured of their liberty, and learn that right after all is might.

Over the canteen in France included not only a cozy reading room and the selection of books for the men to read, but it meant also, reading to them or with them in leisure moments. One must help, too, in educational work. Our first visit to Camp Lusitania was spent teaching a class in English. Then came the Y woman to that camp, who gave a greater impetus to study there than had hitherto been known. She would spend hours guiding with her own small, fair hand, those of the men who for the first time were eager with desire to write their own names. It was thus, then, these women worked in the St. Nazaire area—at Camp Lusitania with its emphasis on educational activities; at Camp Montoir, where the excellence of the canteen became far-famed, and at Camp One with its joyous, homelike atmosphere.

After four months, a change came over the camp-life of the area. Mr. Wright returned to America to take part in the great drive for funds. The seven thousand stevedores and labor battalions that we had served with so much joy for four months, were divided between Camps Lusitania and Montoir. We saw with proud but sad heart the 807th march toward the Front. From the constant noise of many feet and voices, we found our hut reduced to an unbearable stillness and isolation. The camp was now to become exclusively an embarkation and debarkation center. For two days we were in danger of a good hard spell of homesickness and then came the news that there were transports in the harbor—colored soldiers were coming—heaps of them!

We were never quite so glad to see any soldiers as we were the 809th Pioneer Infantry, and the 33 Lieutenants of the Artillery who arrived that Monday morning in October. We met them first as they rested on the beautiful ocean boulevard of St. Nazaire. Life flowed into us once again as we flitted among them welcoming them to our camp and hot chocolate. Even then, many of them looked very worn and ill, but we hardly dreamed of the tragedy of that October transport. We were on our way that morning to the weekly Y Conference with its inspirational and helpful program that, no doubt, was a large factor in the success of the area. But the conference seemed very long, so anxious were we to get to camp. We requested at headquarters special transportation to speed our

errands and hurry us to work. Soon we are in our hut—it is crowded—men are everywhere and we look over the crowd and wonder what has happened. These are not the swarthy lads we were welcoming on the ocean front—only here and there do we see one. We are still wondering when a voice close at hand says, "Lady, got any paper and envelopes?" "Certainly," we say, and then we begin to meet the first need of the soldiers. Meantime, we are saying, "No, no stamps necessary—turn your letter over to your company commander to be censored." "Oh, yes—three-cent stamp if your folks are in Italy." Later we learn that many of our own boys have been sent to another camp, and that most of those in our camp are in a distant part. We learn something else—influenza is raging—hundreds of men have died on the voyage—the hospitals are crowded, so are the barracks. Sick men could hardly be left in "pup" tents in the deep mud and constant rain of that season. That night another change comes over our hut. On all the benches, in all the corners and in what had been our cheerful reading room are sick men, many of them ill unto death. We are not only preparing hot chocolate now, but all day long we are preparing lemons, so that at night we may pass among these men with hot lemonade. It is a sad time—graves can hardly be dug rapidly enough—nurses are scarce—every one is doing the best he knows. True, these are not colored boys we are serving, but what matters that—they are soldiers all, and every lad of them a mother's son.

We go to the hospital and move among them. They can only see the smile in our eyes, for we wear the white masque across our faces. To the convalescent we give cigarettes, literature, gum, and now and then candy. For the very ill we leave oranges or lemons. For some there is little need to leave anything but a prayer.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a soldier with reference to that period, "It was in St. Nazaire at Base 101, that I was desperately sick with 'Flu' in October, 1918. Mr. Davis, whom I had known at Evansville, came through my ward. Next day you and Miss Johnson came with oranges and that most prized thing in all the world at that time—lemons. Oh, how good you did look to me! Then, too, how kind you folk were when I rejoined my outfit at Camp One. My mind recalls that Sunday evening 'Quiet Hour' you held, while we were there. How you spoke to the boys and urged them to keep themselves clean for the sake of the good women back home. Then when you asked us to talk—what man could have kept still." The plague passed, and many a man was laid to rest having done his bit to the utmost, though it simply meant breaking home ties and reaching the port of France. After the plague had spent itself, we marched one day with a long line to the American Cemetery, a mile distant from the town. There, while the day was dying, a Red Cross Chaplain told impressively the challenge flung to us by those white crosses upon which we looked, and that had come so suddenly into our

little part of that death-ridden country. The French people brought flowers, the Red Cross and Y secretaries sang, the band played "America," the trumpeter sounded "Taps," the guns rang out for the dead and then we left them alone in their glory.

The sixteen Y women who came to France in the spring of 1919 worked much as the first three women had, except that they were able to go out by twos. The first three women had always been in different camps, each a lone woman in her hut. There might be a dozen Y women in her camp—but she worked absolutely alone, often her hours stretching from 9 in the morning to 9 at night —but always it was a work of love. When the sixteen women arrived, they brought in themselves companionship, not only for the soldiers but for the women already over there. Five of them went to the Leave Area. Dr. N. Fairfax Brown, Mrs. Childs and Mrs. Williamson joined Mrs. Curtis at Chambery and Misses Evans and Thomas with Miss Johnson, who had been at St. Nazaire, joined Mrs. Hunton at Challes-les-Eaux. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Craigwell succeeded Miss Johnson at St. Nazaire, while Misses Bruce and Garbon went to Marseilles. First Misses Rochon, Edwards and Phelps found place with that splendid secretary, Mr. Sadler, in the Chaumont Area. Misses Saurez and Turner went to Le Mans. The soldiers had seen every variety of entertainer sent to France. They had heard some of the very best of American and foreign pianists, but none had

received the ovation from the colored soldiers that was given Miss Helen Hagan, the only colored artist sent to France. Everywhere she was received by tremendous crowds of men with rapturous applause, and her wonderful talent was never put to better use nor more deeply appreciated. The last woman to arrive for overseas work was Mrs. Mary V. Talbert, President of the National Association of Colored Women. We felt deeply honored in having her a member of our overseas group. With Misses Rochon and Edwards, Mrs. Talbert joined Mrs. Curtis, who had succeeded Mrs. Hunton at Romagne. There she won the hearts of the soldiers completely. They gave her a purse of $1,000 for the Frederick Douglass Home at Anacostia, which through Mrs. Talbert's untiring efforts, has been made a national memorial for colored Americans.

Many changes were made by the Y women in that last lap of the work. This was caused by the rapid closing of the various areas and the departure of the men for the ports. With the close of the Leave Area Mrs. Curtis went to Romagne. Miss Thomas and Mrs. Williamson were sent to Belleau Woods, near Chateau Thierry. It was not lovely like the Leave Area, but living in tents, they served the lonely fellows who were making the cemetery there. Their Y hut was only a large tent, but it was beautiful inside the day we saw it with plants and wild flowers in profusion and with one corner equipped as a library. On one side was the canteen with its ice-cold lemonade and macaroons. How proud the men were of it

all and how they worshipped those women! For the women it was the biggest work they had ever done.

To Joinville went Dr. Brown and Mrs. Childs, to serve for many, many weeks the 806th Pioneer Infantry and others who were building the Pershing Stadium. For their splendid work there, the men sang their praises without stint.

General Pershing in commending the splendid service rendered by the Y. M. C. A. in the Leave Area, especially commends the work of the women. While always there was competent French help and splendid men secretaries came to help in the Leave Area, for four months almost, Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Hunton felt not only the responsibility of providing the meals served in the two areas, but the beautifying and housekeeping of the buildings and constant entertainment of the men. Over the canteen in the Leave Area was something more than the jolly vacation that we worked to make it—it was a time for bracing the morale of the men and sending them back to camp with hope and cheer, vision and strength.

Misses Rochon and Edwards in the Chaumont Area and Miss Evans in the Le Mans Area did what was known as rolling canteen service for the men. We have heard the men tell of the first time these "angels" appeared in their isolated camps. It was difficult to believe their eyes—that American women of their own had sought them out in those far-off lonely places, and were actually bringing

A. Men in Class Room. B. A Group of Canteen Workers en route Home. C. Serving at the Wet Canteen. D. "Our Boys." E. More of "Our Boys" at Brest.

them good, hot chocolate and other heavenly blessings, but best of all the sunshine of their smiles.

No woman who went to France won stronger approbation for her work than did Miss Saurez. When a prize had been offered at Le Mans for the most homelike and best kept hut, it was this little colored Y lady who won it.

Over the canteen at Brest meant hut activity from early morning till midnight. It was a part of what came to be known as the "Battle of Brest," which Miss Watson, the Regional Secretary, declared "Ofttimes more terrible than that of 'No Man's Land' because less open." Every minute almost meant keeping men free from the despair of long waiting and hope deferred. Eight regiments of Pioneer Infantries, three labor battalions, many groups of casuals and several depot companies were among those whom we bade *bon voyage* during our days at Pontanezen. Here, as at St. Nazaire, the huts were crowded and the canteen lines unending. Men made "seconds," as an additional helping was called, but rarely unless they were fortunate enough to slip into other men's places. Those were busy but happy days at Brest! The men were not strange, for we had met them in the Leave Area or along the devastated highways. We closed our work there so happy that nothing could take away the joy of it.

Over the canteen in France we learned to know our own men as we had not known them before, and this knowledge makes large our faith in them. Because they talked first and talked last of their

women back home, usually with a glory upon their faces, we learned to know that colored men loved their own women as they could love no other women in all the world. Their attitude of deep respect, often bordering on worship, toward the colored women who went to France to serve them only deepened this impression. The least man in camp assumed the right to protect his women, and never, by word or deed, did they put to shame the high calling of these women. But they were intensely human and their longing for their women showed itself in a hundred different ways. One night a Red Cross parade on Fifth Avenue, New York City, was being passed on the screen. When a group of colored women were shown marching, the men went wild. They did not want that particular scene to pass and many approached and fondled the screen with the remark, "Just look at them." Mrs. Curtis, in whose hut this occurred, tells how it brought tears to her eyes. One man came to us saying, "Lady, do you want to get rich over in France?" We gave an affirmative reply and questioned how. He said, "Just get a tent and go in there and charge five cents a peep. These fellows would just be glad for even a peep at you." Another man stood near the canteen one day, but not in line. He stood so quietly and so long that we finally asked could we serve him. He simply gave a negative shake of the head. After several minutes we said, "Surely you desire something," only to be met by another shake of the head. The third time we inquired he said quietly, "Lady, I

just want to look at you, if you charge anything for it I'll pay you—it takes me back home." Hundreds of incidents gave evidence of the love of these men for their women. Sometimes they shed tears at their first sight of a colored woman in France.

We learned somewhat of their matchless power of endurance and of their grim determination to be steady and strong to the end in spite of all odds. We came to know, too, that what was often taken for ignorance, was a deep and far-thinking silence. They were sympathetic and generous, often willing to risk the supreme sacrifice for a "buddie." The chocolate might be too thin or too thick, but there was little complaint. On a cold day or after a hard hike it was just "hot-stuff" gratefully received.

We learned to know that there was being developed in France a racial consciousness and racial strength that could not have been gained in a half century of normal living in America. Over the canteen in France we learned to know that our young manhood was the natural and rightful guardian of our struggling race. Learning all this and more, we also learned to love our men better than ever before.

PEACE

Peace on a thousand hills and dales
  Peace in the hearts of men
While kindliness reclaims the soil
  Where bitterness has been.

The night of strife is drifting past,
  The storm of shell has ceased,
Disrupted is the cordon fell,
  Sweet charity released.

Forth from the shadow, swift we come
  Wrought in the flame together,
All men as one beneath the sun
  In brotherhood forever.

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

The Leave Area

IT was a master mind that first conceived the idea of sending tired soldiers away from the shattered havoc of war and the incessant routine of camp life, to find rest and recreation. The most beautiful and historic places in France, left untouched by battle's fire, were selected and opened as Leave Areas. Had the Young Men's Christian Association done no other bit for the American Expeditionary Forces except equip and maintain these Leave Areas, it still would have done a colossal piece of work, fully justifying its operations in France. It was a work for which thousands and thousands of soldiers are deeply grateful. Whatever criticism or prejudice relative to the Young Men's Christian Association was in the minds of the soldiers as they entered the Leave Area, they went away its most enthusiastic supporters. There, more than anywhere else in France, perhaps, they had opportunity to see below the sordid and selfish spirits of individuals who might unfortunately represent it, to the heart of the Association itself. They could realize there that the fundamental principles of the organization were right, no matter how poorly interpreted through its workers.

The first of these Leave Areas to be opened was at Aix-les-Bains in the region of the Savoie. Savoie itself is one of the most pleasantly pastoral

spots in Europe. The country with its rugged mountains often snow-clad; its quiet little river-villages everywhere; its Old World customs, original and unique, suggested peace and rest. It was so near many of the interesting things that men had read about in history and geography, but never, for the most part, expected to see—so full of historic associations and traditions that one could forget for the time the dead cities, villages, and men strewn over other parts of France. Savoie is wonderfully exhilarating with its mountain air, beautiful lakes and medicinal waters of world-wide fame. Everywhere the eyes roamed, they rested upon mountains. There were the Swiss Alps just forty miles to the East, the Italian Alps the same distance toward the South, and the French Alps close at hand in every direction. Even before men left the trains or "side-door Pullmans," as they nicknamed the freight cars in which they so often rode, they were filled with the wonder and charm of the country into which they had come. For the first time they were finding the *real* France, and it was life-giving after dwelling for so many months in those parts that were filled with evidences of the enemy's unspeakable crimes.

It was in this region that the first Leave Area was opened for American soldiers in February of 1918. From that time until June, 1919, from five to six thousand soldiers came each week for an ideal vacation. So successful was this Leave Area region that others were opened at Nice, and many other beautiful places of Southern France.

It was at Christmas time of 1918 that the Paris Headquarters of the Y telegraphed Mr. Wallace, the Regional Secretary of the St. Nazaire Area, asking for the loan of Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Hunton for six weeks. They were needed to open two Leave Areas for colored soldiers. One of the demands of war on welfare workers as well as soldiers, was that they be ready to "pack up roll" and move on short notice. So that after seven months of service at the port, they were to be moved. Mrs. Hunton desired to go, because for many weeks she had been serving white soldiers almost exclusively. They treated her with great respect and helped her to prepare and serve as colored boys had done. As they marched away from camp, they sang for her, cheered for her chocolate and crullers and left little tokens of affection, and while she had served them with a warm and willing heart, always she would be thinking, there are only three colored women in France for all the colored soldiers, and one of them serving white soldiers. She communicated her feelings to the understanding spirit who at that time headed the Women's Department of the Y work in France, and was told to stick to her post and a change would be made as soon as possible. But when the time really came, it was not so easy to go. It meant leaving the thousands of men whom she had served those first months, and with whom she had kept in constant touch although they were in the other camps of the area. There

was the lovely French family—*Monsieur et madame, les deux tantes, la chat blanc et le bon jardin*—with whom she had lived for seven months. She had been worshipped into feeling a part of all their charming life. But both Y women reported to Paris and were ordered to Aix-les-Bains for assignment. There Mrs. Curtis was sent to Chambery and Mrs. Hunton to Challes-les-Eaux. These places had been in operation since the preceding summer. Colored troops had already visited there, but now they were to be sent in larger numbers and those two resorts were to be used exclusively for them. In the meantime, Messrs. Stevenson and Sadler were also asked to report. Mr. Stevenson was assigned to the Challes-les-Eaux Casino, but Mr. Sadler was unable to get release from the Chaumont region where he had so long directed a large and important work. When we first reached the Leave Area, and for several weeks thereafter, it was still occupied by white troops. In January of 1918, with Mr. William Stevenson as Director and Mrs. Hunton, Directress, at Challes-les-Eaux, and Mrs. Curtis, Directress at Chambery, a new epoch for the colored soldiers on leave began. There, as in other places, the colored women served alone, endeavoring to do the work that had occupied a large staff of white women secretaries. From time to time men arrived to help with the work until there was a staff of five men at each place. But in the Leave Area, more than any other place, much of the work was

1. The Village of Myans with Mt. Granier. 2. Dinner on the Grounds at Challes-les-Eaux. 3. Mr. Stevenson and Mrs. Hunton with Staff, at Challes-les-Eaux. 4. The Chateau of the Dukes of Savoie at Chambery.

that for which women are peculiarly fitted. The Chateau or Casino must be kept clean and sweet, with cheerful decorations; appetizing menus arranged; American dishes made familiar to French help and prompt service given; teas, parties and hikes planned and still they must have lots of time left in which the men could talk to them. But for nearly four months these two women worked alone, each in her building, until finally other women arrived and shared the service. Each week from January until late May, a thousand to twelve hundred colored troops reached the Savoie Leave Area, and were divided between Chambery and Challes-les-Eaux. The men lived in the many surrounding hotels, but found the largest part of their life and entertainment with the Young Men's Christian Association.

A brief description of Savoie, with its leave centers, will no doubt be interesting, because in most instances, it was the one bright spot in the soldier's whole "overseas" life, and because so much of his pleasure there was derived from the natural beauty of the country.

Savoie, like Alsace-Lorraine, has been a pawn in the hands of contending peoples many times in its history. From French to Italian and from Italian to French again—back and forth—it has passed as the fortunes of war have dictated. With the division of the great empire of Charlemagne, Savoie fell into Italian hands. It went to General

Berold of Saxe in 1008 and at that time was laid the foundation for the royalty that has come down through the centuries as the House of Savoie, and of which the present King of Italy is a member. Since the Treaty of Turin in 1860, Savoie has been a part of France. This frequent change of government has produced a peculiar blending of French and Italian in architecture and life, and adds greatly to the charm of the region.

Aix-les-Bains, not only the most important town of the area, but one of the most famous health resorts of the world, is a striking example of this blending. French chateaux on the mountain sides and Italian villas by the lake, give it a charming setting. In the city itself one is carried back many centuries by its Arch of Campanus, old Roman Baths, Temple of Diana, Museum and the Grottoes.

This Arch of Campanus is believed to date to the third century A. D. Older still are the Roman Baths that are supposed to have been built one hundred and twenty-four years before Christ. This was always one of the most interesting places to the soldiers on leave. There one sees remains of the not very ancient methods of these ancient Romans for bathing, and even the remains of a large swimming pool. Nothing is more interesting in Aix-les-Bains than its Temple of Diana, built probably about the same time as the Roman Baths and in which is housed the museum. The foundation walls of this temple are more than twelve feet thick, and the stones are of enormous size.

In one corner of this old Greek temple is inserted a Gothic window of interest because of its delicate beauty and purity of style, but not a part of the original architecture. The Grottoes, with the three springs that have defied union, are always a source of wonder. There are to be found hot alum, hot sulphur and cold water springs turning out over two million gallons of water each day. With lighted candles one follows the many windings and descents of the flowing waters. It is very hot but very interesting. One sees the place where some engineers, two of whom were killed, made an ineffectual effort to unite the waters of these springs.

From things ancient, we come to look at those more modern. There are the thermal establishments that have made Aix-les-Bains world famous as a health resort. We are told that this city, with a native population of less than ten thousand, always had within its boundary prior to the war, about thirty thousand visitors. The sedan chairs in which the visitors rode about the city are as numerous as those that are moved up and down the board-walk at Atlantic City. Many Americans frequent Aix-les-Bains, and the soldiers were always shown the chair and bathing apartments reserved for Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

At Aix-les-Bains the Young Men's Christian Association had its activities in the Casino—one of the most luxurious and spacious places of amusement on the Continent. With a beautiful garden on one side and an imposing entrance on the other,

this Grand Cercle, as it is called, was the Monte Carlo of France until the war came. It has a fine theatre, seating a thousand people; a sumptuous ball-room, grand salon and many other rooms, beautiful with their mosaics, rich carvings and stained glass windows. All of these were put to use for the entertainment of the soldiers.

Chambery is hardly less interesting than Aix-les-Bains. Surrounded by mountains, with the cross on Nivolet dominating all the rest, with its quaint stores, streets and houses, it is indeed picturesque. One follows the rue de Boigne with its old arcades and beautiful stores from the Fontaine des Elephants up to the Chateau des Ducs de Savoie. It is an imposing structure with its monument to Joseph and Xavier de Maistre on the stairway. The finest part of this chateau is its chapel with its remarkable Gothic architecture, ancient windows and fine paintings. Just across from this chateau was the Y, a charming building, beautifully furnished and always lively with music and good cheer. One delighted in looking on the soldiers sitting by the open fire in its large, but homelike salon. Chambery has interesting churches and parks. Perhaps the most interesting thing connected with this town is the fact that for so long it was the home of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In what Americans would call the suburbs of Chambery, we find the home of this much persecuted poet-philosopher. It is called "The Charmettes" and is carefully preserved with its original furnishings.

At the entrance is a French inscription which may be translated as follows:

"Hovel by Jean-Jacques inhabited.
You remind me of his genius.
His solitude, his proudness
And his misfortunes and his folly.
To Glory and Truth
He dared to consecrate his life,
And was always persecuted
Either by himself or by envy."

A word about the Fountain of Elephants because for the Americans it was the center of the town. This large white monument with four life-size bronze elephants surrounding it, is most imposing, the more so because there is continually pouring from the mouths of these elephants, streams of water. This unique monument is in honor of a noted benefactor of the town—Count de Boigne—who spent many years in the Far East. There by the fountain the little steam tram usually put off or took on its largest number of passengers. There the American bands played and the French folk gathered about them. One would usually say, "Meet me at the Elephants."

It was at the Elephants that we took the tiny tram for Challes-les-Eaux, about three miles away. The Thermal Establishment was inaugurated at Challes-les-Eaux in 1876, and from that time it was a popular resort for not only were the waters wonderful for baths, but were valuable for drink, pulverization, inhalation and gargling. One

who ever became brave enough to taste them could verily believe in all their virtues. In addition to its many beautiful hotels, generally clinging to hillsides, it had its Casino, too, with restaurant, ball-room, billiard tables, reading and gaming rooms. It was here that General Joffre rested after the Marne. It was this Casino and the five Thermal Establishments in the midst of spacious grounds, that were taken over for the Y and to which now so many happy memories cling. Here as at Aix-les-Bains, the Thermal Establishments were used by the soldiers through the morning till noon, free of all charge to them. What a luxury they were to the tired soldier who for a long time had known only the bathing facilities of a camp. Challes-les-Eaux was admirably located for excursions of historical and scenic interest, affording real wholesome rest and recreation.

As has been already emphasized elsewhere, the work of the Y folk in the Leave Area was to see that the eight days afforded the soldiers there, should be days full of beautiful recreation with as little of the atmosphere of camp-life as possible. There was no "reveille" and no "taps." No one blew whistles to attract attention. Men ate out of porcelain dishes and slept on real beds with soft pillows. Often men declared that they had become so accustomed to the army bunks that they were forced at first, each night, to rest a little while on the floor.

An extract from a report of Mr. William Stevenson to the Commanding Colonel of the Area will

give some idea as to the nature and scope of the Y activities in the Leave Area:

"On the 17th of January, 1919, Mrs. W. A. Hunton and myself took charge of the Casino here and began the work which, formerly for white soldiers, had been carried on by four women and two men secretaries. When we started, we were given the assistance of one white (man) secretary. With his help, we carried on the work until the 30th of February when we received another colored secretary—at that time the white secretary who had been assisting us, was relieved. We then had three secretaries, including myself. March 5th we received another man and March 25th two more came. April 6th another women came and April 26th, two more women. However, Mrs. Hunton who had started the work with me left the first of May for Verdun and Mr. Bullock who had arrived February 30th, left April 16th to go to America. At the close of our work, May 24th, we had seven secretaries—four men and three women."

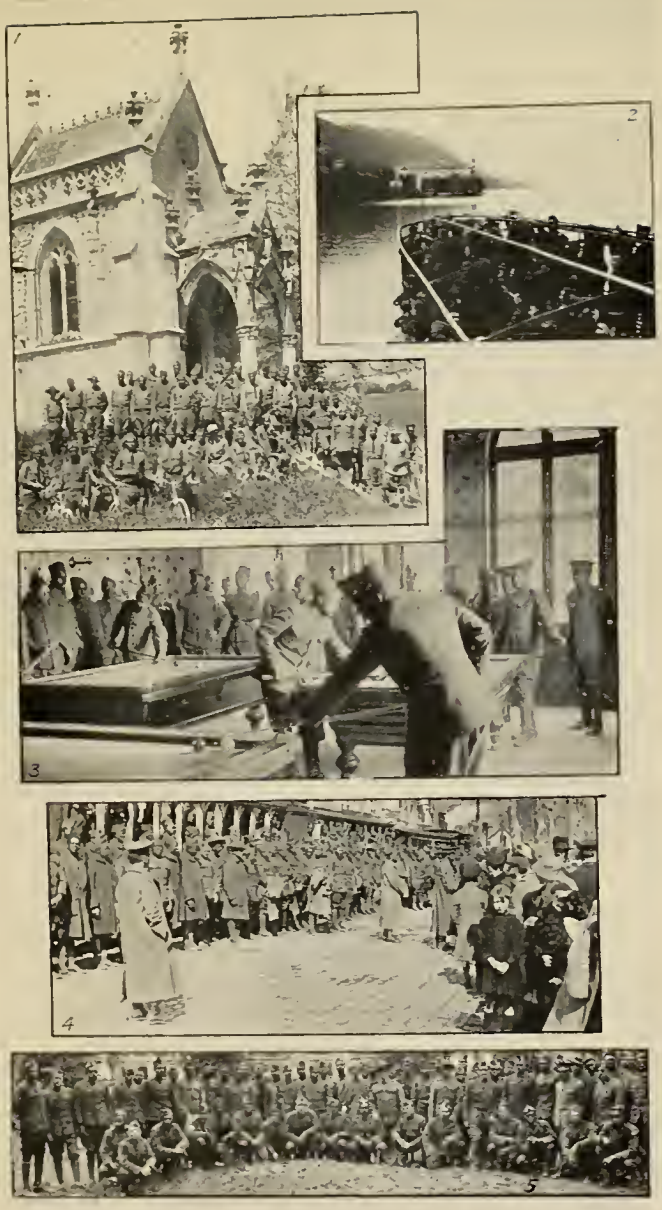
"Our building was opened each morning at 8:45. A twenty-minute religious service began at 9 A.M. and this was known as 'Start the Day Right Service.' Breakfast then began and was served till about noon. This meal consisted of one of the following meats: sausage, ham, or chops, eggs, pancakes with molasses and butter, hot biscuits, crullers and chocolate or coffee. All of this was sold at cost. Refreshments—ice cream, pies, pudding, cakes and crullers with chocolate or lemonade were on sale afternoons from four until about 5:30. Free refreshments were served three times a week at night and always to entertainers and educators, whether from the army or the Young Men's Christian Association. A reception with free refreshments was always tendered outgoing troops. At many of these we served more than a hundred men. During each of these receptions a strong moral or patriotic talk was made by some of the secre-

taries, and I have seen men go away with tears in their eyes. A special lunch, at the cost of one franc was put up for outgoing men, but men without money were often furnished a lunch just the same as others. Every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock we served free tea and cake assisted by the French ladies of the village, who kindly volunteered their services. This afternoon tea, during which there was violin and piano music, was always crowded by the men."

Athletics. Every morning from ten until twelve, athletic exercises, indoors or outdoors (according to the weather) were conducted and very liberally patronized. Baseball, Y ball, volley ball and tennis were very popular; the three billiard tables were always kept busy. Saturday was given to athletics; that is, the full day. However, men desiring to go to the Black Madonna, Mt. St. Michael or the Cascades were always accommodated.

Excursions, Hikes, etc. The following trips were taken: Sunday, hike to the Black Madonna; about an hour and forty minutes round trip. Monday, trip to Cat Mountain and Hannibal's Pass, by tram and on foot; about three hours' hike. All day trip. Tuesday, trip to Aix-les-Bains and Mt. Revard; all-day trip, tram and railroad. Wednesday, Black Madonna. Thursday, hike to the Cascades of Doria, about same distance as Black Madonna. Friday, trip to Lake Bourget and Hautecombe Abbey; all day trip by tram and boat. These excursions, hikes, etc., proved to be of great value in an educational way. The men were not only anxious to get the Aix-les-Bains Souvenir, which explained the various places and things but a great many took notes.

Amusements, etc. A band concert was given two to three times each week in the afternoon in the garden, and on the nights of the same days a band concert and vaudeville. Entertainments—vaudeville, etc., sent by the Y, at the beginning twice a week; later, during May,



In the Leave Area

1. By an old Chapel. 2. En route to Hautecombe Abbey. 3. Playing Billiards. 4. On the train for Hannibal's Pass. 5. On the Grounds at Challes-les-Eaux.

by the Army and the Y, two to five times each week. Movies, four to six times each week.

Religious, etc. Service every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock which a secretary, sent from Aix-les-Bains, conducted. Also a service every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, which was conducted by the Chaplain.

Educational, etc. A speaker was sent from Aix-les-Bains once a week, who delivered a talk, illustrated or otherwise on something of educational value. Also talks on patriotism, thrift, clean-living, etc., were given by one of our secretaries to all outgoing troops, and each night notice of the activities of the week were given, during which hints on clean living, conduct, etc., were given.

Reception to Civilians. On March 12th a reception was given the civilians of Challes-les-Eaux. This was held in the open and the Mayor, by pre-arrangement, made an address to the soldiers and civilians, responses to which were made by Mrs. Hunton and your humble servant, all of which were interpreted. On this day a band concert was rendered by the 803rd Pioneer Infantry Band, and the school children, who were brought in a body by their teachers, were served refreshments.

Photographs. Probably five thousand francs' worth of photographs of the soldiers in various places and poses, were taken by special arrangement with as many as three photographers. All photographs were sold at cost and the demand always exceeded the supply.

Transportation. In order to prevent the men from arising at an unnecessarily early hour and for the purpose of always getting them back in time for the evening meal we chartered special trams, the cost of which amounted to between three and four thousand francs. This arrangement, which was put into effect in March, enabled us to move when we desired.

Food, etc. Besides the secretaries, we had about thirteen French people, in the kitchen, etc., among them being a chef, whose special duty was to prepare pastries, ice cream, etc.

Literature. We had two racks made in which literature—pamphlets, etc., were daily displayed. These were of a religious, moral, patriotic nature and were very popular. Outgoing men were furnished with free reading matter—magazines, etc.

Information, etc. We had a lady at the information desk, and a lady in the coat room sewed on buttons and made minor repairs for the men.

All trams bearing new men were met by one of the secretaries, who sought out the non-commissioned officers or men in charge, introduced them to all the secretaries, and extended, through them, a hearty welcome to all their men.

Every day when new men came in the hotels were visited at supper time and announcements of the week's program made while the men were eating.

Conduct, etc. It was an exceedingly rare thing to hear any of the men use immoral or profane language in the building. We co-operated with the military police in every way possible, even requesting the Mayor to rid the village of some immoral women. The military police reported that they had very little trouble with our men, and the Mayor's letter, together with others from the various hotel-keepers, etc., is strong evidence of the truth of their statement.

Conferences. Our ability to do the work we did was due largely to the fact that every day at noon we held a conference with all the secretaries, each of which began with scripture reading and prayer.

Just here it might be interesting to read a translation of one of the letters written by the Mayor of

Challes-les-Eaux, with reference to colored soldiers on leave there. After four wonderful months in the Leave Area, where we came to know every variety of colored soldier in France, we were sent to the devastated area that had been the front. Just as we were leaving, a messenger met us at the tram and handed us a letter that was so unexpected as to surprise us, but of which we were tremendously proud. It is impossible to reveal the real spirit of this letter in a translation, but this letter, similar to one given to Mr. Stevenson, expresses the feeling of the French people for our men as they lived in their hotels and moved in their midst. The following is the letter translated into English:

The Mayor of Challes-les-Eaux, Savoie, to the Lady Directress of the Y. M. C. A.

Madame: In the name of the population of Challes-les-Eaux I thank you very much for the pleasure at your many entertainments. Give thanks to your very good amateur artists.

You have won the admiration of the population for the care that you have not ceased to give these black soldiers, who are wonderful children, with generous hearts, a spirit of good comradeship, possessing also a French trait—that of loving and making themselves beloved.

Touched by the welcome which is given them, their hearts are wounded because they cannot fraternize with their white comrades as they do with us, and they regret not to be able to express to us more than a promise to return to France, the country of fraternity.

We retain the best memories of their sojourn with us, where no incident has occurred to mar our relations. We are pleased with their good record.

We ask you to convey the greetings of the people of Challes-les-Eaux to their dear families and beg that they will accept our fondest regard and our sympathetic felicitations.

I wish to render to Madame Directress my perfect appreciation.

PERROLIFE, *Mayor.*

April 27, 1919.

Always the French were kind, courteous and understanding and expressed again and again their admiration and sympathy for our soldiers.

Two or three of the hikes taken by our men were so full of historic interest as to be worthy of a brief description. None afforded quite so much fun as that to Mt. Revard. Breakfast at seven and an eight o'clock start on the little steam tram to Chambery was the order. At Chambery the train was taken for Aix-les-Bains. There a half day was given to seeing the places of interest already described, and for lunch. At 12.30 all assembled at the Mt. Revard station to ascend on the cog railway. Any description of the ever-changing and widening view of the ascent fails in its attempt to give a real idea of the beauty, splendor or majesty of the scenery as they in turn reveal themselves. More than five thousand feet the train climbs, stopping for a moment at two stations where the natives sell apples and give away smiles and good cheer.

On the top the whole snow-clad Alpine system is in view. One sees the whole Bernese Oberland sys-

In the Leave Area

1. Serving Literature. 2. On the Veranda. 3. At Play. 4. In the Library. 5. At the Cascades after a Hike.

tem and Mt. Blanc, almost fifty miles away, seems but a good hike distant on a clear day. But the real fun comes with the coasting, skiing and other snow sports—for Mt. Revard is snow clad most of the year. The train descends steeply at many places, but it has been a rare day that men will recount to their children and grand-children, so no one seems afraid. "Overseas" songs in joyful strain fill the echoing caves and crevices and float out on the lake as the day closes and the train returns them to Aix-les-Bains.

Lake Bourget, the largest and most beautiful of French lakes, offered another happy day. First, by train to Bordeau or to Aix-les-Bains, thence by boat out on Lake Bourget. We ride across its shimmering surface and fathomless depth; mountains surround it on all sides and are reflected in all their glory on the lovely water of this lake. We are told that although it is in the region of snow and ice it never freezes, because of an undercurrent or springs of hot water. On the mountain sides, no matter how steep, one sees vineyards —vineyards almost everywhere. Chateaux or villas lend added charm to the scene. Among these one sees one called the *Maison du Diable*—house of the devil—with a strange tradition attached to it. One sees also the *Hotel du Bois di Lamartine*—so named because it is located in a grove named for the poet Lamartine. It was there he found inspiration for many of his poems, including "Le Lac." The Chateau St. Gilles and the Chateau Chatillon, in which one of the popes of Rome was

born are also to be seen. But the dominating architecture of Lake Bourget is Hautecombe Abbey, with its octagonal towers and many windows toward which our steamer makes its way.

Hautecombe Abbey was founded in 1125 by some Benedictine monks who, inspired by Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, decided to change to the Cistercian Order. The Abbey has, with the rest of Savoie, seen many vicissitudes as a result of wars, but for nearly seven hundred years it remained in the hands of the Cistercians. When the French Revolution came, the monks fled and the Abbey passed into the hands of the nation for a time. Through all the preceding centuries it had been the burial place for the House of Savoie. Finally, in 1824, it was bought at private expense by Charles Felix, Duke of Savoie, who was also King of Sardinia. He at once proceeded to have restored this burial place of his ancestors and to put in charge again some monks of the Cistercian Order. Again, in 1860, the Abbey went into the hands of France, but by special treaty in 1862, it was made the private property of Victor Emmanuel II and is now the property of the present King of Italy.

The most historic part of the Abbey is the beautiful Gothic church. Many chapels with massive tombs of Italian royalty are to be found. Some of them are of the finest Carrara marble as is also the beautiful Pieta, by Cacciatori. The dome is decorated with paintings of great interest and value. There is a wonderful hand carved organ and paintings by famous artists over the chancel.

In every little niche may be seen little statues of weeping women, some five hundred of them and all different. Much history, tradition and mystery link themselves to all that one sees in the church.

Next is shown a Royal Suite that was fitted up in 1825 for Charles Felix and Marie Christine. Everything is well preserved. Visitors, and especially women, are not admitted to the part of the Monastery occupied by the monks. Each time we made this trip, we were somehow moved by the sight of hundreds of khaki-clad soldiers making their way quietly through this old Abbey.

Every schoolboy has heard how Hannibal crossed the Alps, so that a day's outing to Hannibal's Pass, although it involved much hiking, was always a popular one. The men would go by tram again to the little fishing village of Bordeau on Lake Bourget, then ascend the Cat Mountain to a pass that opens into the valley of the Rhone. Standing among these wonderful Alps a Y man would repeat the story of the hero of Carthage who, more than two centuries before the birth of Christ, had climbed with his army to this Pass and then descended into Italy. He would tell how he suffered great loss of men and much hardship but how he was a determined foe of the Romans and so fought them unto death.

Our own favorite hike was that which took us southward from Challes-les-Eaux, along the main road with the mountains on either side and in front of us—past the ruins of a picturesque chapel,

destroyed by Napoleon Bonaparte when he, too, crossed the Alps; up the hill to the little village of Myans resting at the foot of Mount Granier. For all of the four miles from Challes-les-Eaux to Myans, the life one looks upon seems to have moved not one pace forward for many centuries. Ancient customs in life and houses make up the picture and yet withal one finds a charming hospitality native to these people so far removed from the hurry and fret of life. But we hiked those four miles to visit the Church of Myans with its Black Madonna that has reposed there for so many centuries, and has become a famous place of pilgrimage for many French people. Much of tradition and history wraps itself around the Black Madonna. Many years ago a landslide came to this section. One looks up and sees how absolutely bare it has left one side of Mt. Granier. We are told that the landslide destroyed everything except the church—even a part of it was destroyed, but the Black Madonna and the praying monks at its altar were not hurt. This Madonna that in all probability came from Spain, is one of the few of its kind saved in the general destruction of the Black Madonnas as ordered by Napoleon. The Virgin and child are life size and wrought out of black ebony. Her robe is of gold and on her head is a crown in which are embedded priceless jewels. She is very sacred to the villagers and to all of Catholic faith. One finds there many photographs and relics left by pilgrims who have come for healing. But the chief interest to us lay in the

finely chiseled black faces of mother and child to whom so many devoutly kneel.

Eight days filled with hikes, such as we have described, games, entertainments of various kinds and music always at hand, were usually sufficient to re-invigorate the soldier and send him away glad and grateful for abundant life, lovely nature and warm-hearted friends. The Y folk worked hard to strike a high note for the future of these soldiers by teaching them how to rightly interpret and use their wonderful "overseas" experience.

Just here may we say that with both Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Hunton were associated the finest types of Y men to be found in France. Mr. William Stevenson, who had done such valuable work at Montoir, brought to the Leave Area, all his fine ideals, which, with his hard work and pleasant manners, gave him great success. Mr. Matthew Bullock, who had gone over the top with the 15th New York, because of his football fame at Dartmouth, was well known to the soldiers. His strong helpful personality also counted for much in the lives of the men who visited the Leave Area. There was Mr. Henry Dunn who had come over from the army and who conducted the hikes. We have never since met a man who was at Challes-les-Eaux that he has not asked for Mr. Dunn. Messrs. Watkins and Shockley, just as fine and energetic and beloved by the men, formed the group working at Challes-les-Eaux. At Chambery Mr. William Anderson was not only business manager, but the sympathetic, understanding friend of all.

There were also Mr. Scroggins, who hiked with the men and who will ever live in their memory; Lieut. Garrie Moore, who having done successful boy's work for the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association in the United States, came over from the army to give the benefit of his knowledge to the Y in France, and Messrs. Kindal and Parks, who did such successful athletic work. All these men gave the very best in them to the soldiers who came under their care in the Leave Area.

It was a kind providence that sent Captain Arthur Spingarn to the Leave Area. The true friend of the colored people in the United States, he was no less so as a soldier in France. Thoroughly fine in spirit and personality, he was at all times an inspiration and help to the colored secretaries working under his guidance.

The Leave Area is but a memory, but it is a beautiful one, linking thousands of soldiers and welfare workers in a chain of comradeship that cannot be broken. It was the mountain of vision and hope in France for those who reached it. It was the balm in Gilead.

VIVE LA FRANCE

Relationships With the French

THE relationship between the colored soldiers, the eolored welfare workers, and the French people was most eordial and friendly and grew in sympathy and understanding, as their assoeiation brought about a eloser aequaintanee. It was rather an unusual as well as a most weleome experience to be able to go into plaees of public aeeommodation without having any hesitations or misgivings; to be at liberty to take a seat in a eommon earrier, without fear of inviting some humiliating experienee; to go into a home and receive a greeting that carried with it a hospitality and kindliness of spirit that eould not be questioned.

These things were at once noticeable upon the arrival of a stranger within the gates of this sister demoeraey, and the first ten days in France, though filled with duties and harassed with visits from German bombing planes, were nevertheless a delight, in that they furnished to some of us the first full breath of freedom that had ever eome into our limited experienee.

The first post of duty assigned to us was Brest. Upon arriving there we reeeived our first experienee with Amerieaan prejudices, which had not only been earried aeross the seas, but had beeome a part of such an intrieate propaganda, that the relationship between the eolored soldier and the French people is more or less a story eolored by a eon-

tinued and subtle effort to inject this same prejudice into the heart of the hitherto unprejudiced Frenchman.

We had gone to this city under protest, because we felt that since there were only three colored women in France among approximately 150,000 colored soldiers, that our first duty should be to the men at the front, who were without doubt suffering the greatest hardships. But we were told that in this city there was a great need, and that we had better serve out a probation here, before being sent to the more arduous tasks at the front.

Imagine our surprise, then, at being told immediately upon our arrival, that there was no need for colored women in that section; that the colored men were too rough; that they were almost afraid to locate a man among them, to say nothing of a woman. We were permitted to tarry, however, a few days, during which time we discovered a colored Chaplain, the Rev. L. C. Jenkins, of South Carolina, who immediately made us welcome, and arranged for us to talk to his men. They were much grieved when they were frankly told of the reputation that had been given them, and assured us of every consideration and courtesy if we were permitted to remain among them. Every effort was put forth to get the office to change its decision concerning us, but to no avail. In due time, we made our return trip to Paris.

In talking with the soldiers, however, and ultimately with the French people, we were told that

the story of the roughness of the colored men was being told to the civilians in order that all possible association between them might be avoided. They had been systematically informed that their dark-skinned allies were not only unworthy of any courtesies from their homes, but that they were so brutal and vicious as to be absolutely dangerous. They were even told that they belonged to a semi-human species who only a few years ago had been caught in the American forests, and only been tamed enough to work under the white American's direction.

Another ten days in Paris was filled with more duties, and more opportunity for contact with the French people. We met again the first colored woman to arrive in France, and at her suggestion and guidance, went to a small hotel in the rue d'Antin, where very few Americans were located. Here the proprietor and all his assistants were smiling and courteous, ever ready to make one comfortable, and to give all necessary information and many helpful suggestions.

At this time we were assigned to the 92nd Division, in the Haute Marne region, but the great July Offensive started, making it impossible for us to get through the lines, so we were told, and we were finally assigned to St. Nazaire. Here we were very happy to have the opportunity to go where we could have the association of our co-worker, who had gone there as the pioneer colored woman for that section.

Here, as elsewhere, the French people had been informed as to the shortcomings of the colored Americans, and among other things had been told that they were incapable of becoming officers, and leading their own people. In October, 1918, thirty-three colored Lieutenants of Artillery landed at this port. Upon meeting them on the street, the writer informed them of this false impression, and requested them to show themselves in the business and residence sections of the city. In one shop the proprietor immediately turned to a white officer, and remarked that these men wore the identical insignia that he had seen on many other officers, and that he would thank some one for an explanation. When these same men entered the French Artillery School, near Vannes, they were forbidden to attend entertainments where it was thought they would in all probability meet the French people.

Literature was gotten out through the French Military Mission and sent to French villages explaining how Americans desired the colored officers to be treated; that they desired them to receive no more attention than was required in the performance of their military duties; that to show them social courtesies not only would be dangerous, but that it would be an insult to the American people. The literature was finally collected and ordered destroyed by the French Ministry.[4]

In one city, the soldiers informed us, colored Americans were confined to certain streets in order

that their contact with the French people might have all possible limitations.

Following is a copy of an order gotten out, and a duplicate preserved:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BATTALION,
804TH PIONEER INFANTRY,
A. E. F., FRANCE.
WARCQ, FRANCE, March 20, 1919.

Enlisted men of this organization will not talk to or be in company with any white women, regardless of whether the women solicit their company or not.

By Order of CAPTAIN BYRNE.

A True Copy,
S/L/D/

This propaganda was spread from the streets of the large cities to the topmost peaks of the Alps Mountains, away up among the little shepherd girls, who knew nothing except what others came up to tell them. "Soldat noir-vilain," they remarked to the writer one day, while she sat down to gather strength to finish her trip to the little chapel whose ruins stood on the highest pinnacle; even their minds had been poisoned with the thought that "black soldiers were villains."

These little shepherd girls dwelt in a portion of France that was used for a Leave Area. In the beginning both white and colored soldiers found

rest and pleasure in visiting the historic and picturesque region about Challes-les-Eaux and Chambery, but later it was set aside by the Y. M. C. A. for colored soldiers only. Naturally the inhabitants were much amazed to find that they were not being molested in any way, and toward the close of the work the different impressions that were being gathered by the French people became almost a constant topic of conversation. The teachers and proprietors of the hotels came often to converse, and some of them helped gratuitously in the performance of our duties. Many of the children came to play upon the lawn of the Y. M. C. A. at Challes-les-Eaux, where the writer had charge of the woman's work for a period, and the mayor came as the official representative of the town, to assure us of all good wishes and sympathetic greetings; while the mayor at Chambery gave out a public invitation for the colored people to return to France and become a part of their civilization.

Often the staff of secretaries at Challes-les-Eaux would be invited to dinner, especially at the hotel Chateaubriand, where the hostess and her daughter, dressed and smiling, amidst a bower of flowers, opened their hearts again and again concerning their entire satisfaction with the conduct of our soldiers, and how different they were from their original representation. They had received instructions before their coming as to just the manner in which they should be treated, but they not only found no cause for such instructions, but

found many characteristics in the colored men which were a pleasure and a delight.

During the victory parade in Paris, no colored Americans were permitted to participate, notwithstanding the fact that numerous individuals as well as organizations had been cited or decorated for bravery. This the French people were not able to understand, but in due time they learned that it was all due to the American policy of discrimination. They gradually discovered that the colored American was not the wild, vicious character that he had been represented to be, but that he was kind-hearted, genteel and polite. One could frequently hear the expression, " soldat noir, tres gentil, tres poli" (black soldier very genteel, very polite); this characteristic appealed greatly to these people who have always been noted for their innate politeness.

The French women were especially kind and hospitable to their dark-skinned allies. The writers had the pleasure of living in one French home for nearly nine months. Here they were treated with all courtesy, respect, and almost reverence. One of them became ill, and was sick unto death for nearly five weeks, during which time the hostess called in her own family physician, administered the medicine, and nursed her as if she had been her own child.

When the French women learned that the Americans were trying to control the social intercourse of their homes, they deeply resented it. At one time the 92nd Division had issued the following orders:

Friendly Intercourse with the French

1. Group of Colored Officers visiting French family. 2. Mayor, hotel proprietors and teachers at Challes-les-Eaux fraternizing with Colored Soldiers and Y. M. C. A. Secretaries. 3. Group of French Students taken with Colored Soldiers resting while on a hike.

HEADQUARTERS, 92ND DIVISION,
A. E. F.
LE MANS AREA, MIENNE, FRANCE.

December 26, 1918.

The special duties with which military police are charged are,—

(A) To insure order and proper behavior by enlisted men at all times. . . .

(E) To prevent enlisted men from addressing or holding conversation with the women inhabitants of the town.

(F) To prevent enlisted men from entering any building other than their respective billets with the exception of stores, places of amusement and cafés.

By Command of BRIGADIER GENERAL ERWIN.

G. K. WILSON,
Chief of Staff.

Official:
(Signed) EDW. J. TURGEON,
Major, Infantry, U. S. A.
Adjutant.

When this matter came to the attention of the women of the city, the leaders among them formed a committee and waited on the French Mission with the statement that they were mistresses of their own homes and morals, and knew with whom they wished to associate, and did not desire American officers to interfere with their social affairs.

Following is an extract from a letter written by a French girl to a young man who was located in the camp where the writer gave her longest period of service:

LE GUERANDAIS

ALLEE DES BOULEAUX, LA BAULE.

Dear Mister——: October 21, 1918.

Your kind letter was welcome. I understand them very easily without my dictionary, and I thank you very much for the kind feelings you express me. Be not anxious about my health, I have recovered now.

I was very touched by all the sympathy you have showed me on this occasion, and I was surprised of it, very agreeably. Thank you for your friendship, I am happy to give mine in exchange, because I know now what is your hard condition. I have spoken to white men, and always I have seen the same flash (lightning) in their angry eyes, when I have spoken them of colored men. But I do not fear them for myself; I am afraid of them for you, because they have said me the horrible punishment of colored men in America. As I am a French girl I have answered, "It is not Christian." I am full of pity for your unhappy condition, more still when I think you are very intelligent, and you have quality of the heart more than many white men. . . .

When a colored man goes in the house of a white girl, the policeman wait for him and kill him when he goes away! I have thought this way to do is savage, and it is why I was pitiful for the colored man. But I see you are not unhappy as I believed, and I am glad of it for you. . . .

I should like to express you how much I am revolted of that I have learned of your condition, and how amused I am to have heard many injurious opinions of white men upon ourselves, French women! I write you in English and I cannot express my fcelings as well as in French.

Naturally these "injurious opinions" about the French women were resented, not only by the women themselves, but the Frenchmen as well.

The result of this, and other difficulties, was that two or three months before the American soldiers were out of France, it became generally known that the French people were tired of them and wanted them out of their country. The spirit of dislike became so great that sometimes French people were overheard saying that if the American soldiers had on German uniforms, they could not be told from the Huns! And that if they were to judge from their actions it would seem that they had a desire to treat them in the same manner as they treated the colored Americans.

After the signing of the Armistice there were frequent riotings between the American white soldiers and the French people. On the first Sunday in April, 1919, the city of St. Nazaire was changed from a quiet port city into a tumult of discord, during which a number of people were killed and wounded. It grew out of the fact that a white French woman and a colored Frenchman entered a restaurant frequented by American officers, in order that they might enjoy their lunch together. An insinuating remark concerning the woman was overheard by her brother, who understood English, and immediately resented it. The restaurant was demolished in a free-for-all fight, which grew in proportions until the French people mounted a machine gun in the middle of the public square, to restore order.

In the city of Nantes a colored French soldier was shot by an American Military Policeman, under the guise that he thought that the Frenchman

was a colored American deserter disguised in French uniform.

During the writer's period of service at Brest there were ever-recurring conflicts, and Camp Pontanezen was frequently closed and the soldiers not permitted to enter the city. Some of these were said to have occurred because of insults offered to colored Frenchmen. Rumor had it that these riots always resulted in a number of killed and wounded.

In order to substantiate our statement concerning these conflicts, we wish to quote from Sergeant Alexander Woolcott's article in the October, 1919, issue of the *North American Review:**

"Whatever turn is taken by international politics during the next two years, whatever the official post bellum relation between Washington and the government in France, the degree of understanding and the nature of the sentiment existing between our people and the French is going to be of incalculable importance in shaping the twentieth century. It is going to give the true validity to whatever doctrine our ministers may from time to time endorse.

"That is why it is worth while to look back over the A. E. F., and by so doing, to measure and search for the causes of mutual rancor which developed between the French people and our troops—the rancor which broke out here and there in riots, as at Brest; which made the irritated army of occupation lean over backwards in their affability towards the Rhinelanders; which moved Le Rire to some caustic cartoons at the expense of the A. E. F.; and which poured into our astonished ports a

* By permission of *North American Review.*

stream of returning doughboys all muttering under their breaths a disparagement of the 'French Frogs.' [5]

"Perhaps it would be well first to consider two rather fixed delusions on the subject. For one thing, stay-at-home Americans have, quite pardonably, come to the easy conclusion that all the rancor could be explained by overcharging. . . . As a matter of fact, the amount of overcharging was slight, astonishingly slight, when one considers that there were more than two million spendthrift Americans in France, far from home, overpaid, irresponsible, and loose in an impoverished country. It is against the nature of the French peasant or shopkeeper to go in all at once for resourceful profiteering, just as it is against his nature to part lightly with a sou on which he has once laid his thrifty hands. Furthermore, both the French government and the American Army were vigilant in the matter, so that the doughboy was not despoiled with half the unscrupulousness that would have been practised among his own people—certainly no more than is the average lot of the expeditionary soldier, anywhere under the sun. . . .

"Then, too, there was the delusion from which the French government suffered—the notion that the whole source of bad feeling was the friction between the French and American staffs. There was such friction, and during the first few weeks of the Armistice the staff officers of the Third Army were on edge with irritation at the neighboring French command. . . .

"I think that if the dislike developed on one side before the other, the first appearance can be traced to a certain disdain for the French which the outspoken Americans were only too wont to display. To the resulting friction a hundred and one things contributed, of which high prices constituted the least—little things, like the French truck driver's enraging habit of driving dreamily in the middle of the road; *big things, like the French street walker's unprejudiced habits of accepting the Negro's attentions as affably as a white man's.*"

It is interesting to note the comment of an English paper upon the mutual rancor which so unfortunately developed, and which must have some bearing upon the future relationship between the French and the American people. The following significant excerpt is from the London *Saturday Review* of June 28, 1919:*

"No one at this or any other time should write, or even say things likely to create international ill-feeling, but facts will not be ignored. There are indeed certain truths, which, like mushrooms, grow best in the dark. It is not only absurd, it is also in the long run contrary to international good will, to ignore the fact that Americans are not as popular in Paris to-day as they were twelve months ago. There can be surely no harm in discussing publicly what everyone privately knows. . . .

"At the present moment the Americans are regarded by the ordinary Parisian as a barbarian nation, and the prospects of beholding them rejoice on July 4th, possibly on a large scale, already fills him with apprehension and disgust. The nation which a year ago was the most popular nation in Europe, has become in Paris a burden almost too grievous to be borne. The other evening we heard a lady whose profession brings her into rather close contact with the American soldiers and minor diplomatists in Paris, proclaim amid general assent, that the Americans are at the best children and that at the worst they are brutes. We are not subscribing to this opinion, we are merely recording that it was passed. The Americans could not avoid being unpopular in Paris. The mere fact that they came late into the war, and that the importance of their share in the peace negotiations is out of all proportion to their sacrifices, is in any event a difficult matter to discount or obscure. . . .

* By permission of *The World's Work.*

"Socially the Americans in Paris are in the position of a man staying in the house of a friend, and forced to behave much as though the house were his own. It is even worse than that. We have to consider that the man who thus stays in the house of his friend, and behaves just as though it were his own, has in effect, a mortgage on the house. We are most of us the debtors of America, and France not least of all. The American army in Paris may almost be described as the man in possession, and there is no possibility of avoiding him. It was an unlucky decision to make Paris an American military headquarters. The wild west sprawls in the restaurants, and patrols the grand boulevards. The American army could no more be popular in Paris than the Canadians could be popular in Epsom. When on top of the military invasion of Paris there came an American delegation 1,400 strong, filling the air with principles and viewpoints, and amusing itself loudly and continuously, not the most civilized president in the world could quite cover with his professional mantle the nakedness of his countrymen.

"All of this would be of merely passing interest were it not for the peculiar position which America will occupy for the next thirty years. What is happening in Paris will happen on a large scale in Europe as soon as peace is signed. During the war America has become the creditor of the civilized world. Her chief problem will be how to spend the money she has made. She is so rich that she has begun to be alarmed for her foreign trade, for it is impossible for Dives to trade with Lazarus unless Lazarus can be induced to borrow the necessary capital to set himself up in business. Whatever ultimate arrangements are made it is fairly clear that America will have more money than she knows what to do with, and that Europe will be, to an extent unknown before, an American playground and Europe will hate it to-morrow as Paris hates it to-day."

For a period of time many of the colored fighting troops were brigaded with the French troops, which brought them into very close contact with the French life. As has been noted in another chapter, four regiments, those that were to have composed the 93rd Division, became a part of French Divisions of Infantry. It is interesting to note that by far the greatest majority of colored soldiers or organizations that were cited or decorated for bravery were these troops, and that the decorations were with few exceptions French and not American. It is also interesting to note that the regiment from Illinois, under command of colored officers, was awarded 30 Croix de Guerre decorations for officers, and 38 for non-commissioned officers and privates, while only 3 officers received the American Distinguished Service Cross, and 19 non-commissioned officers and privates. These colored officers have many happy recollections of the overflowing appreciation of the French people.

Certificates of good behavior secured by these troops show that the towns and villages through which they passed or in which they were billeted found no cause for complaint; that they came in an orderly manner and left in the same way. The same can be said of the thousands of labor troops and engineers who built the roads, unloaded the ships, laid telephone wires, built warehouses, and handled supplies.

Finally, we can happily say that it was a pleasure to note that the relationship between the colored American and the Frenchman grew in cordiality

1. French Sergeants fraternizing with Colored American Sergeants. 2. and 3. Colored Soldiers and the French children. 4. Two colored Sergeants visiting in French home.

and friendliness until a strong, and we hope, lasting bond was established between them. They were made welcome guests in the homes of the wealthy and cultured, as well as in the most humble. The understanding ear of the colored man seemed attuned to the French language, and he learned more quickly than others, it seemed, how to converse with this romantic people. The French people are affectionate and demonstrative, which corresponds to the deep emotional spirit which seems the heritage of the colored American. The colored soldiers were naturally musical, and many of them sang with a wonderful penetrating pathos, or with notes that brought forth joy that was unconfined; others were talented and accomplished pianists. These things appealed deeply to the artistic soul of our French comrades.

The variety of color among them interested the Frenchman much as the light and shade in a picture, or the coloring in the drapery in his store windows, or in the birds that flitted about in his mountain fastnesses. He admired the way they fought, and the way they performed without murmuring their tasks at the dock, on the railroads, or in the warehouses. He loved them because they did all these things with a song of joy, though perhaps with a crucifixion of spirit; and with all earnestness and genuine desire he invited them to come again, that the relationship thus begun might grow in strength and beauty and mutual helpfulness.

Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.—*Proverbs* 4:13.

Education

THE chief educational work to be done among the colored troops overseas was that of teaching them to read and write, as large numbers were unable to sign the payroll. These men were drafted into the army often without regard to age or physical fitness. One man from Texas, upon delivering a company of men to a lieutenant whom he thought to be white, remarked that he had brought him a good bunch of Negroes, and had plenty more down there if he wanted them. At first, he said, they took all the men who had just purchased little farms, so that the property would soon return to the original owners, and then they just went out through the country and gathered them up everywhere, so that they could get their full quota without sending their white boys. Of course, he said, the Negroes didn't know any better and just thought they had to come.

This shows the dense ignorance that existed in no small degree among them, and many of them knew only one name, didn't know when nor where they were born, and couldn't tell the time of day. This ignorance was not all confined to the colored men, however. One white captain remarked publicly that he had white men in his battalion who were equally ignorant, and that upon asking one man where he was born, his reply was "Toons County," which was the limit of his knowledge concerning the matter.

In Camp Lusitania, St. Nazaire, France, there were 9,000 colored stevedores, and out of this number 1,100 could not write their names, and a large per cent. of the remainder had only mediocre training. On the other hand, some were college graduates and undergraduates, and were of great value to those who undertook the task of teaching the large number of illiterates. They readily volunteered their assistance, and took great pains with their unfortunate comrades, helping them in school and out to get the amount of training that the limited facilities offered.

The writer, during her nine months' period of service at Camp Lusitania, gave most of her time to this kind of work, and while it was difficult, the gratitude of the men fully compensated her for all the trouble. Upon first entering the camp, there was no provision made to assist in reaching these men, or ascertaining who they were. The Y. M. C. A. had furnished a large number of books, which were piled away in the hut unused. These books were taken and a request made at the cinema for all who desired training in English to manifest it by remaining in their seats at the close of the show. In this way we were able to reach a large number, and through them others could be reached, so that in time the work grew until the writer's entire time was consumed in teaching and directing the work.

One man told how his parents had died when he was quite young, and that he was afterwards bound out to a white family to herd cattle for fifty cents

a week. He wanted to go to school so badly that he slipped off and went two days, when the man for whom he worked found it out and beat him so that he never went back any more. He said he had a wife from whom he had not heard since he had been in France, but that he couldn't read her letters anyway, and he was not expecting her to write. He worked very hard, however, and in time was able to write well and read third grade reading matter. One day he came in joyfully and said he had written his wife a letter and had gotten a reply. This, no doubt, was a wonderful day in his life, when he had acquired sufficient knowledge to make himself understood in a written communication. At times their gratitude was most pathetic, and one man had tears in his eyes as he told the writer how he had been so anxious to learn, but had been ashamed to let her know that he couldn't write his name, and had hesitated a long time before he finally decided to come.

To learn to write one's name seems an easy matter, but some of these men would try patiently for an hour or so and the letters would have no form, nor resemble in any way the characters they were trying to make. Then the instructor would take each great rough hand in her own and help the soldier to trace the form of the letter so that he would get an idea of how to go about making the first curve of his initial. When he would finally master the first initial of his name he would be so delighted that he would go to his barracks and make all the boys whom he knew give him

assistance, so that in a day or two one could realize that he was making splendid progress.

This kind of work went on without much difficulty until the Armistice was signed; at this time every soldier became doubly sure that he was going home "toute de suite" (at once); and to add impetus to an already bad situation, their colonel got up in the auditorium and told them that they would all eat Christmas dinner at home. This completely demoralized the work until after the holidays. By this time they had all concluded that they were going to remain in France a while anyway, and some began to say that they would be glad if they were able to eat dinner at home the next Christmas.

By the beginning of the new year the army decided to take a hand in the educational work, and through its chaplains force all illiterates to attend school. This brought the entire 1,100 at Camp Lusitania to the Y. M. C. A. hut to receive instruction. All of them could not be reached at one time, but two or three hundred could be crowded into the class rooms twice a day, so that every two days the entire number would be reached. The writer would teach them en masse, first from the blackboard, having them follow her in sounding the letters, pronouncing the words, and giving the diacritical markings; then from a small booklet called "English Reading Lessons," provided by the Educational Commission of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. These booklets, containing twenty lessons drawn from the soldiers' experience

in routine camp life and drilling, would be furnished by the hundreds, free, so that every man could have a book. After they had all read the lesson in concert, the volunteer teachers, about twenty-five all told, would each address himself to a group of the men, and hear them read individually. In this way each man could get a small amount of individual attention.

One day, by some means, Mr. Ferguson, the hut secretary, found a French mimeograph machine at the Y. M. C. A. warehouse. It was the only one, it seemed, in the entire section. The writer, after many trials and failures, learned to use it, and with the assistance of Private Stokes and one or two others, was able to make a large number of copies of written sentences. These would be taken by Chaplains Hodges, Jefferson, and their assistants, including Reverend McCoomer, whom the army had appointed to do educational and religious work. They would be distributed among the men in the class room, pencils given them free, and every man would labor earnestly to learn to write; then the men would be permitted to take the copies to their barracks, where they would practice during their leisure moments.

The mimeograph was also used to furnish problems in numbers to the men who were learning to make figures, add and subtract. After having a lesson from the blackboard, they would take the papers to their barracks, solve their problems, and bring them in the next day for correction. Mr. Julius Rosenwald visited Camp Lusitania during

the year, and left two hundred dollars to be used for the benefit of the soldiers there. An automobile school was finally established and a number of the soldiers took advantage of the training. In the white eamps much industrial training was introdueed, and no small amount of attention given to higher edueation as well.

The Y. M. C. A. made ample provision for the purpose of giving the soldiers the opportunity to learn Freneh. French professors were employed to visit each hut at stipulated hours, where the men would be taught en masse, the rudiments of eonversational Freneh. Small books published for the express purpose were put without eost into the hands of eaeh man who had a desire to learn, and very few of them could be found after a few lessons and a little eontaet with the Freneh people, who eould not readily make themselves understood with regard to small matters that eoneerned their everyday life.

About the first of April, 1919, the Army deeided to take over the entire edueational work of the Y. M. C. A., and invited the edueational seeretaries, the writer ineluded, to leave the organization and eome over to the army. It promised to earry out the original eontraet made by the Y. M. C. A., and give them the rank and uniform of an offieer. Eight colored men aceepted this offer and went into the army. They were Mr. J. C. Wright, formerly of Tuskegee Institute, Mr. F. O. Nichols, of Philadelphia, Mr. Benjamin F. Hubert, State College, Orangeburg, S. C., Mr. William Nelson,

A. & T. College, Greensboro, N. C., Mr. Joseph L. Whiting, Tuskegee Institute, Mr. Thomas Clayton, Piqua, Ohio, Mr. W. H. Crutcher, A. & M. College, Tallahassee, and Mr. George W. Jackson, Louisville, Ky. Of this number Mr. J. C. Wright was appointed Supervisor of Instruction for colored troops and Lecturer in Civics; Mr. F. O. Nichols, Lecturer in Civics, and Mr. Benjamin F. Hubert, Supervisor of Agricultural Instruction among the colored troops.

These men were attached to the staff of the University of Beaune. As Supervisor of Instruction, Mr. Wright was well qualified, being a graduate of Oberlin College, Dean of Tallahassee Normal School, and having done splendid work as a Y. M. C. A. secretary at Camp One, Hut 5, St. Nazaire. Here he found a large number of men from the 301st Stevedore Regiment, one of the largest military organizations in France, and among them the first colored American soldiers to land on French soil. About 30 per cent. of these men were illiterate. On the contrary, a number of them were college trained men, having been engaged in professional and business pursuits.

Mr. Wright undertook the task of preparing these men to go back to civilian life with at least the rudiments of an English education. His first method was to get men who could not read and write to voluntarily attend classes scheduled at the Y. M. C. A. hut; but this was quite a difficult matter, for after ten or twelve hours' work on the dock, the men were usually too tired to do anything

that was not compulsory. Then he succeeded in getting it made a military duty for all men who could not sign the payroll to attend class three nights in a week for a certain period. This plan was successful only to a limited degree, as compulsion was left largely with company commanders, who were not entirely in sympathy with the idea. They contended that the army was no place for a man to make up for his lost school advantages, and some said it was too much to require such a duty of tired, hard-working troops; but too anxious and determined to be discouraged, the effort was continued, and after much advertising and several large public meetings held in the interest of the work, there were over five hundred men who enrolled for class work. Of this number 328 were actually taught by volunteer teacher-soldiers. One sergeant compelled the thirty illiterates of his company to attend school every night there were classes being taught; and after eight weeks all but nine could sign the payroll, and many of them, men still in the morning of their manhood, received such an inspiration as to give them a desire to enter school after their return to the States, and it is known to be true that some of them are at this moment enrolled in different schools and receiving instruction.

Mr. Wright, together with his colleagues, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Hubert, as members of the staff of the University of Beaune, were sent out singly and as a team to lecture and hold institutes in the different sections of France where colored troops

Colored Members of Army Educational Corps and Some University Students

1. Captain D. K. Cherry. 2. Secretary Walter N. Nelson. 3. Secretary William H. Crutcher. 4. Secretary Benjamin F. Hubert and group of students in attendance at Universities in Paris. 5. Secretary Joseph L. Whiting. 6. Secretary George W. Jackson. 7. Secretary John C. Wright.

were located. It is estimated by them that they reached as many as twenty thousand men, and impressed them with the importance of community co-operation and collective effort in bettering the conditions in the neighborhoods where their civic lots would be cast; also with the importance of buying land and taking advantage of the industrial opportunities which the war had brought about.

The other five members of the colored army educational corps did local work. Mr. J. L. Whiting, who had formerly been educational secretary at Camp Montoir, near St. Nazaire, and who had already done splendid work, went back to his original field of labor. Here in September, 1918, he began with an enrollment of forty, in classes in reading, writing, arithmetic, and civics. By April, 1919, the enrollment, with the assistance of the new compulsory rule of the army, had increased to 868, with 19 soldiers detailed to assist in the work. He found that there were more than 1,000 troops below the fourth grade, who would be glad of an opportunity to attend school, and that there were in every company of colored troops as many as 30 men who were unable to sign the payroll. Mr. Whiting accomplished wonderful results in spite of the handicap of no books, no suitable accommodations, and for a considerable time no regularly detailed teachers.

He set writing copies for all of these men with his own hand, taking their work home each day and reviewing and criticising it. He held classes in the mess halls, many times cold and damp and with

no lights except that which could be gotten by the use of candles; and by the close of the work he had not only done much towards wiping out the X (his mark) sign from the payroll, but had given them sufficient foundation for the acquiring of a fair education.

Mr. George W. Jackson had been assigned by the Y. M. C. A. to be Educational Director at Is-sur-Tille. Here he found about 15,000 colored soldiers hailing from Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. They were S. O. S. troops, working just back of the combat area. Mr. Jackson was returned here by the army to complete the work started by the Y. M. C. A. During his period of service here he learned that about 2,500 of the colored soldiers had very limited education or none at all. With the assistance of detailed tutors he was able to eliminate 90 per cent. of this illiteracy in about three months. Most of them learned to sign the payroll after about three weeks' instruction, and by the time they were demobilized fully one-third had written letters to their relatives at home. Classes in secondary and college subjects were also held, in addition to instruction in French, bookkeeping, current topics, and the Bible.

Mr. Thomas A. Clayton was secretary in charge of the educational work at Camp Ancona, near Bordeaux, where on January 10 an Army Post School was organized. Of 6,987 men in camp at this time, 1,378 could not sign the payroll; 1,457 had had four years' schooling or less; 584 had

attended high school, and 137 had attended college. By the close of the work 367 illiterates had learned to write their names. Classes in French and the study of the history and literature of the French people were also organized, and became very popular among the soldiers.

Special attention was given at this school to the teaching of agriculture. A Farmers' Institute was held, which had a total attendance of 18,000 in three days. The meetings were held under the auspices of Dr. H. Paul Douglass, of Syracuse, N. Y., and farmers' clubs were organized and a special instructor given them. In all classes, including primary and elementary subjects, there were 503 students enrolled.

Mr. W. H. Nelson had been doing educational work at Brest under many handicaps. For a long time they were unable to get a Y. M. C. A. hut completed. In December, 1918, the writers of this volume went up from St. Nazaire to visit them. They found the staff of two secretaries and a chaplain struggling along as best they could, with no floor in a large part of their building and no lights except what could be produced by the use of numerous candles. They were very happy to see some colored women, and brought us a bountiful supper from one of the company kitchens. This we ate from a small, bare table, by the light of one or two flickering candles. Then the writers were placed upon a box to elevate them a little, while they talked for the encouragement of the soldiers who gathered in a small room, which afterwards

became the school room. The little force of secretaries was badly discouraged because they were unable to secure the facilities that had been given to other huts, but by dogged determination they finally succeeded in finishing a beautiful building which was kept immaculately clean in spite of the fact that they were never able to secure any women secretaries. To this place Mr. Nelson was returned after he became a member of the army educational corps, and continued his work of teaching. He had about 1,000 illiterates in the camp whom he attempted to reach. Of this number a total of 372 actually received valuable training.

In addition to the army's taking over the entire educational work of the Y. M. C. A., it provided means by which a limited number of graduate students would have an opportunity to attend the great universities of France and England; at the same time it established the American University for undergraduates at Beaune, Cote d'Or. This school provided facilities for training in all college courses as well as vocational and technical subjects, and brought over from the States a corps of the very best instructors that could be secured. It also utilized much of the splendid ability already in the army. The French Minister of Education loaned the school a corps of experienced French teachers, who were supplemented through the courtesy of the French Minister of War.

Post and Division Schools were established in connection with the university, the purpose of the Division School being to accommodate all who were

STUDENTS AT UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

1. J. Douglass Sheppard. 2. James L. Moran. 3. E. M. Brewington.
4. Ulysses S. Young. 5. Henry L. Marriott. 6. Walter A. Powers.
7. Milton F. Fields. 8. Ulysses S. Donaldson. 9. Leonard Barnett.

not qualified to enter the university proper. Here were taught vocational courses and academic and commercial subjects of high school grades. The Post School was composed of those who needed elementary training in English, arithmetic, and citizenship and of men who were unable to read and write the English language. Special provision was made for a Post School for colored soldiers with colored instructors, but it never materialized. To attend the university came 120 colored soldiers who matriculated in the College of Arts and Letters, Agriculture, Science, Journalism, and Music.

Colored American soldiers from all parts of France made application for admission to the Foreign Universities. In some places they were told that colored soldiers were not allowed to attend, and every effort was made to get the young officers of the 92nd Division out of France before they could make application for the coveted privilege and thereby embarrass the army.[6] We have learned of only one whose application was not refused, that of Capt. D. K. Cherry of A. & T. College, Greensboro, N. C., who attended the University of Bordeaux. Several non-commissioned officers were admitted, however, and in the University of London nine matriculated—Corporal James D. Sheppard, Peoria, Ill., Engineering; 1st Sergt. Leonard Barnett, Fleming, Ohio, Psychology, English, and Methods in Education; Ulysses S. Donaldson, Terre Haute, Ind., English Literature; 1st Sergt. W. A. Powers, Xenia, Ohio, Music and Philosophy; 1st Sergt. E. H. Brewington, Salisbury,

Md., History and Literature; Sergt. U. S. Young, Madison, N. J., Philosophy and Psychology; Sergt. Milton F. Fields, Des Moines, Iowa; James L. Moran, Lancaster, Mass., Astronomy, and Henry O. Mariott, of Boley, Okla.

Four entered the University at Bordeaux, one the University of Toulouse, one the University of Marseilles, and seven the different universities in Paris—Charles S. Wilkerson, Phar.D., Pittsburg, Pa.; Charles A. Johnson, Phar.D., Columbia, S. C.; Oscar S. Johnson, B. S., Louisville, Ky.; Thomas Williams, Phar.D., Patterson, La.; George Washington Mitchell, A.B., Marshall, Tex.; Clarence Glead, Phar.D., Lawrence, Kan., and Mr. McKenzie, a lawyer from Richmond, Va.

Mention should be made also of the Army Candidate School at Langres, France. The school was located at Fort Dela Bonnelle, and 62 non-commissioned officers representing all the colored combat regiments in France were enrolled there. Of this number, one sergeant died, two became ill at examination time, and 56 received commissions. This was the best record for the proportion receiving commissions of all the 17 platoons represented there. Of this number all whose initials ranged from A to D were sent to the 370th Infantry; the others were distributed throughout the 92nd Division. The 325th Signal Corps Battalion attended school at Gondricourt, and made one of the best records of any battalion from the standpoint of hardworking students and improved efficiency, while the five colored company officers of the 167th

F. A. attended school at La Cortrine, and the colonel in charge of the school reported that they made the best record for studiousness and work accomplished in a period of two weeks of any American units in a given length of time.

There were other schools where some colored soldiers secured training in wireless telegraphy and other technical subjects, and 33 2nd lieutenants received instruction at the French Artillery School at Vannes. While visiting that city during their period of training there, the writers were told by a French general with whom they conversed while waiting for a train, that these men all showed superior mental capacity, and were much loved by all the French citizens because of their splendid behavior and gentility of manners.

Another phase of educational work among the troops was the developing of libraries. In this work the American Library Association was the moving spirit. Thousands of volumes of books were contributed to this Association by the American people, and the Y. M. C. A. acted as a medium by which they were placed within reach of the soldiers. This offered a special opportunity for colored welfare workers to give another kind of training to soldiers that thousands were unable to get in their home cities. In very few cities in the South are any library facilities provided for the colored people. They are not permitted to go into the public libraries, and only a few cities have colored Branch Carnegie Libraries, such as Louisville or Houston, or a colored library established

through other channels such as the one in Guthrie, Oklahoma. As a result, thousands of men coming from the South had no training in the use of libraries, and special attention had to be given everywhere to instituting and teaching booklending systems; otherwise all books would have disappeared in a day or two, not to be read always, but to be utilized in various and sundry ways such as a hiding place for letters, or a pad upon which to write. In time they all learned, however, to borrow and return books in a given time, and the library soon became the most popular place about the hut. It was always kept warm and attractive and it was the only place about the hut where one could make himself comfortable in an arm or steamer chair. Through the generosity of the American public, magazines and periodicals became plentiful after the Armistice was signed, and the soldiers would tarry late, often until taps, before they would tear themselves away from the news item which brought such interesting information from home.

Large and valuable libraries were established for the colored soldiers at Camp Lusitania, and the Embarkation Camps at St. Nazaire, in the Leave Area at Challes-les-Eaux, at Camp Romagne, at Camp President Lincoln, Brest, and at the two colored huts at Camp Pontanezen, and were of invaluable service in educational and cultural work among the soldiers. Through these channels and the opportunities offered through the different Y. M. C. A. and Army Schools, the colored men

1. Library at Camp Lusitania, St. Nazaire, France. 2. Colored College Students at University of Beaune. 3. Colored Students in Farm School, University of Beaune.

received a new impetus and a new vision, and with the assistance of the training that comes from travel and contact, have returned to their homes better equipped for citizenship and future service to their race than they possibly could have been otherwise through all the years of a lifetime.

"They said they were too slow, too dull, too this and
that to do it,
They couldn't match the method of the Hun,
And then to arm a million—why, the land would surely
rue it
If a million blacks were taught to use a gun.
But right won out, and they went in at all detractors
smiling;
They learned as quick as any how to shoot,
They took the prize at loading ships, and riveting and
piling,
And trained a thousand officers to boot.
And when they went they took a boon no others had
been bringing,
For whether with a pick or with a gun,
They lightened every labor with a wondrous sort of
singing,
And turned the pall of battle into fun.
O, the Frenchman was a marvel, and the Yankee was
a wonder,
And the British line was like a granite wall,
But for singing as they leaped away to draw the Kaiser's
thunder,
The swarthy sons of Dixie beat them all."

LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL.

The Salvation of Music Overseas

THOSE who know the native love and ability of our race for music will not marvel at the statement that colored soldiers sang, whistled and played their way through the late war. There were days of hunger and thirst; days full of deathly fatigue; days filled with the dense smoke and deafening uproar of battle; days when terrible discriminations and prejudices ate into the soul deeper than the oppressors knew. But through it all there was salvation—the salvation of the music that welled so naturally in the souls of the colored soldiers. In the midst of the French the artistic temperament of our soldiers found a warm welcome and a favorable atmosphere in which to unfold and find full expression; and, although it manifested itself in many ways, it found no other realm half so alluring as that of music. Individually and in groups, colored soldiers gave themselves to the enjoyment or serious study of music.

In the hut the average life of a piano was but of short duration. Every moment from early dawn to late night, this instrument was in constant use. One became so accustomed to its continuous sounds as to be unconscious of them. We returned to America hoping that for the remainder of our lives we might be spared hearing any form of "Blues," for whatever else he might play, a fellow would finally finish with a touching rendition of some one of the many "Blues."

There were melodies of joy and melodies of sorrow. We heard our soldiers on the coast of France chanting in unfailing rhythm as they unloaded the great cargoes from America. We heard them in Southern France singing in joyous abandon as they sailed Lake Bourget, ascended Mount Revard or hiked up to Hannibal's Pass in the Alps. We heard them in the night watches at Romagne as they tenderly reburied their comrades who had fallen on the fields of battle. We heard them at the port again, as they looked longingly towards America and sang, "There's a long, long trail." Ever in our ears will we hear the harmony of those thousands of voices as they were blended in song for religious service, for the speed of work or for mere pleasure. Always this music breathed a wistful poignancy, but always it breathed, too, the matchless will and spirit of the race who sang. Nothing strengthened more the bond of loving sympathy that existed between the French and colored American than this musical temperament. Our bands played their way into the very souls of the French.

And these bands that always filled us with martial pride and dispelled all fear and dread! We think of one night in our camp. The 807th Pioneer Infantry would entrain on tomorrow for the front. Under its enthusiastic and highly progressive bandmaster, Licutenant Vodrey, this regimental band was giving its last show. Hundreds of black and white men filled every inch of the spacious hut from floor to rafter. In the front rows

1. Lieut. James Reese Europe and Men of the 15th New York. 2. Band Master Oliver Mead. 3. Band of the 815th Pioneer Infantry, with Men on leave, at Challes-les-Eaux.

sat the regimental officers, camp officers and French friends. All eyes centered upon the stage where either the orchestra of fifty men was playing or Opal Cooper was singing in the sweetest and most expressive tones, or the men were demonstrating by act or stunt their wit and humor. The hut rang with applause or laughter all that wonderful evening. Fun and merriment ran high during the rather ambitious hut reception given the band after that evening's entertainment, for they were trying to eat salad and sherbet without the use of forks and spoons which they had been told to bring but had quite promptly forgotten. It was rather difficult to realize that tomorrow those men would be facing toward the thundering guns at the front. We heard of the 807th band again and again as it won honors in France, playing before the crowned heads of the Allies; of their band leader making an enviable record at a French band school, and finally we met them again at Brest. There, with a pardonable pride, we bade them *bon voyage* as they returned home triumphantly bearing their laurels.

The fame of Europe's Band, as it was familiarly called, spread over all France as well as America. One single occasion on which we were permitted to hear this band in France is worthy of note. We had been honored as delegates to the Conference of Allied Women held in Paris in August, 1918. The program, the delegates, entertainment, everything, including the garden party tendered by President and Mme. Poincaré, the afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt,

Jr., and the banquet at the Palais d'Orsay had quite won our hearty interest and admiration and we had reached the final and crowning session of the Conference. The great Theatre Elysees was crowded, although the lights were yet turned low. Someone informed us that the orchestra in the pit was composed of colored men. Immediately we came to our feet. Try as we might we could not see the men, but the leader, Lieutenant Europe, sat elevated, and so we recognized him. In spite of the addresses by great personages, in spite of the royal opera singer and the wonderful chorus, for the remainder of that evening our thoughts centered themselves about this band of colored Americans playing before the élite of Europe and America. It was a significant moment when, with a great martial note, this band of the 15th New York Infantry began the French National Hymn, summoning the great audience to its feet as President Poincairé and party entered their box. Time and time again the playing of these colored Americans thrilled the house into rapturous applause. After the audience had been dismissed and the lights again turned low, admiring friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., stood by and the band played on lingeringly and tenderly as if somewhere voices were whispering that it would be one of the last great triumphs of its famous leader.

Music was one of the chief attractions furnished by the Leave Area for the tired, depressed men who

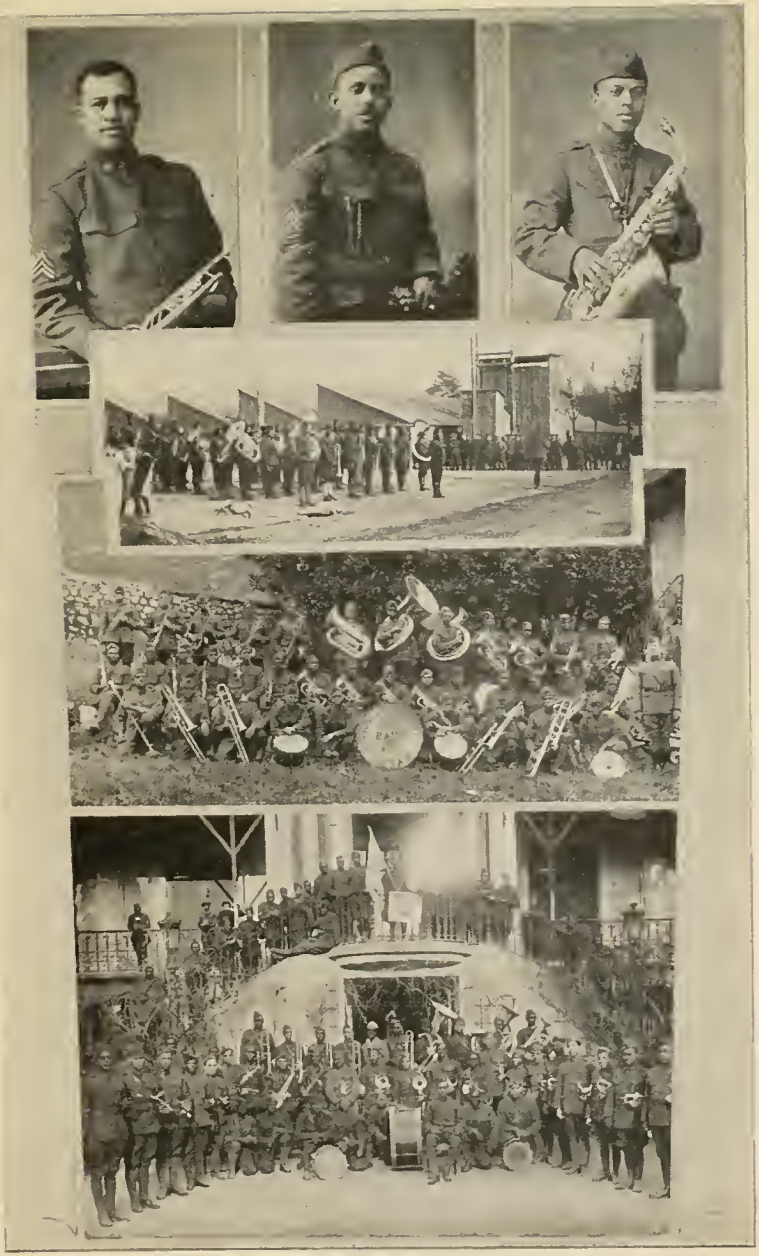
were sent there for rest and recreation. There came the 803rd Pioneer Infantry Band under the capable direction of Sergeant Major Bailey. These men gave us so much joy and entertainment in their playing that not only did the Y make efforts to have them retained permanently in the Leave Area, but the French people were quite as eager to have them, and showered praises and flowers on them when at last they were ordered back to their regiment.

Then came the 815th with their fine Western pride and spirit playing their way, too, into the heart of the Area. We met them again at Romagne when, with the band of the 816th Pioneer Regiment, they were playing daily to counteract the depressing influences of their surroundings. We stood near them and watched with tear-filled eyes as they paid their humble homage on that memorable thirtieth of May when General Pershing had come to dedicate that largest military cemetery. We were with them again at the Port of Brest where, with their wonderfully stirring music they, too, fought in that battle for morale. We learned to know them well—those California lads—and to love them.

No finer men went to France than the men who composed the 802nd Pioneer Infantry, and that may account for the really high quality of the work of its band. No band seemed to adhere quite so closely to classical selections, and they would most naturally draw the French to their feet whenever

and wherever they played. While resting in the Leave Area, they graciously gave us several concerts.

We followed the history of the St. Nazaire Band with a certain pride and interest because, in the early days when we entered that town it was a small struggling group with but few instruments, the sounds from which can be but faintly described by the word horrible. It was encouraged by the Young Men's Christian Association, who gave it a thousand dollars for instruments and music. We watched this band grow and lose its crudeness with almost incredible rapidity, until a year later, when it visited the Leave Area, it was our joy and pride. It is sad to record that at the very zenith of popularity, its history was saddened by the sudden and tragic death of Sergeant Stevenson, the assistant bandmaster, who fell from a pole at Chambery. Again the beautiful French spirit was demonstrated by the populace of the town in a mass of floral offerings at the funeral of this soldier. Always with the French it was "*Nos fleurs et nos coeurs.*" The writer shall always have a peculiar remembrance of the St. Nazaire band, for at the time of the signing of the armistice she had succumbed to a serious illness as a result of overexertion. For a day or two the outer world was rather vague to her consciousness, but she was brought back when the band passed the house playing with full tone and complete abandon "Over There." Looking into the face of her associate she learned that the armistice had been signed and that this playing



1. Bugler Hamilton White. 2. Band Leader Wm. Bailey. 3. Sgt. Jefferson, Saxaphonist. 4. St. Nazaire Band. 5. Band of the 802d Pioneer Infantry. 6. Band of the 803d Pioneer Infantry.

was but an incident of the jubilation that had been in progress for several hours.

The Regimental Band of the 805th Pioneer Infantry was organized very late, but it became famous overnight, especially at Chateau Chehery, near Grand Pre. The Regimental Headquarters were in the famous and beautiful Chateau de Chehery, and there the band entertained the French, British and Americans of high rank who were constant visitors.

The story of the 808th band who had the honor of playing for President Wilson as he sailed home from Brest in June, is best told by one of its members who wrote this letter while they were in France:

"When they left Camp Meade the watchword was 'Over There,' and as the band of the dashing 808th Pioneer Infantry played that tuneful strain upon leaving the good old United States of America, they gave courage and cheer to the three thousand boys in line, and filled the hearts of wives, sweethearts, mothers and friends with that kind of spirit which wins wars—an unbreakable faith. But I am to tell you of these boys 'Over There' and I am to get my story from the spontaneous expression of boys who just needed a strain of some good old 'rag' or quaint Irish ballad to spur them on to the next town or a beautiful symphony to lull them off to sleep as they lay in pain on their cots.

"This band of colored musicians has indeed upheld the tradition of its race, for their music contributes much to make the name of the 808th Pioneer Infantry popular at the front. To begin with, they are right at the front being only a few kilometers behind the line, and although in danger of attracting the attention of hostile forces,

they realize that the spirit of the boys must be kept cheerful and refreshed. So, often they assemble in a well protected spot and play for the constant line of khaki as it moves along the road toward the enemy. And how those boys enjoy the music only they can tell. But from the quickened step, the straightened shoulders and the whistling and singing, one can really feel the refreshing and satisfying effects of the band. When the band stops playing, however, there is no question as to the appreciation of the music, for from hundreds of throats comes the cry, 'Carry On!'

"There is small wonder, though, that these boys have developed into such a well-balanced band, for when one meets the 'Chief,' as he is familiarly known among his fellow officers, the reason is easily explained. With a natural talent for music, the 'Chief' combines years of training as bandmaster and leader. It was he, Lieutenant James E. Wheelock, who brought to the Carlisle Indian School athletic prowess which struck terror in the hearts of all followers of the pigskin in the East, and he also developed the Carlisle Indian School band into one of national repute, so now it is he, realizing the power of music, who adds his talent and leadership to the one great end. I must not fail, however, to give due credit to the boys under his brilliant instruction. Naturally gifted as musicians and with deep love for it, these colored boys have developed into a respected organization, and with a realization of their power, they have unhesitatingly given their services where they might cheer some homesick boy or ease the pain of those suffering from wounds of battle. Transported in trucks through mud and rain, they have gone miles to play in hospitals and rest camps, and have brought to our nurses some little respite from the constant cry of pain.

"These boys have also developed other features which bid fair to permit them always to retain a warm spot in the hearts of the boys of the American Expeditionary

Forces. Could you but hear Terry and Bloxson pull off their skit entitled 'Sick Call in the Army' in that dismantled stable which the fellows have the nerve to call a theatre, or could you hear the melodious string quartette, or a beautiful saxophone solo, or the sweet voices of the band, you, too, would do as the hundreds of boys do who crowd that place every Monday—jump to your feet crying 'Carry On!' Let us thank these boys and Lieutenant Wheelock for their unselfish spirit."

Other regiments, combatant and non-combatant, had their bands that won honor and praise in the same way as the few did with whom we had personal touch, and then there were great numbers of singers and shows. In any camp an impromptu-musical program was not far to seek.

But everywhere the music of the colored soldier was a faithful index of the spirit behind the song. There might be heard painfully monotonous or sombre chords—but wait a little and the atmosphere would change. There would come creeping into the music aspiration and elevation. Always the psychologist could discern the sorrow, pain and rebellion of souls that suffered unjustly, but always he would also discern through the exaltation and nobility of the music that its fundamental basis was faith and vision.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—*Matthew* 28:20.

Religious Life Among the Troops

ALTHOUGH the church as an organization and as the most direct exponent of the Prince of Peace, had no part in the welfare work during the war, yet it was the contributing and inspirational force behind the organizations and individuals who played such an important part in the developing and the maintaining of the morale of the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces. The chaplains were direct, but not official representatives of the church, while the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, and the Jewish Welfare Board were direct outgrowths of the church or religious spirit in America; and while the great war was apparently a complete and tangible evidence of the failure of Christianity among Christian nations, still there was abundant manifestation everywhere that within the hearts of men there was a deep and abiding faith in the great Ruler of the Universe, and a certain conviction that the great world cataclysm was a result of the dogged and persistent determination of the peoples engaged therein to ignore the principles in practice that they had so loudly preached to the world.

Although to some it was tremendously puzzling that a great human machine that had been built up for the purpose of killing men, should at the same time set agencies into operation to teach and preach the doctrines of Christ, yet they were willing to

overlook the seeming paradox and gather in large numbers to hear the gospel, to study the Word itself, to pray, and not least of all, to sing as only dark-skinned Americans can sing, either the wonderful spirituals that were born of the travail of an oppressed and bleeding people, or the more stately hymns and songs that were published in a million gospel song books that were distributed throughout the American Expeditionary Forces.

The Y. M. C. A. had a regularly organized religious program which it put into operation with more or less success; it secured the services of Dr. Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin College, as Director of the Religious Department in France. He had offices in Paris, and a large field force to put into operation his plan of carrying the gospel to the soldiers. Evangelistic singers and speakers traveled from place to place talking and singing to the soldiers as they congregated in the Y. M. C. A. huts. There was a religious director also for every region, who kept in direct touch with the work of religious secretaries who were supposed to be stationed at each hut. The personnel of the colored welfare workers, however, was so limited in number that there were not enough religious secretaries to supply the demand; and there were only about 50 colored chaplains in the entire A. E. F.; as a result, all who would were invited to help in this all-important work of the Y. M. C. A. Many of the soldiers were always willing and anxious to assist in every possible way, while some of the Y women gave much time to this phase of

Group of Religious Workers

1. Chaplain R. A. McAllister and Orderly at Camp Pontanezen, Brest. 2. Chaplain M. M. Jefferson, at Camp Lusitania, St. Nazaire. 3. Secretary B. F. Selden and Chaplain George Shippen Stark, on Vosges Front. 4. Chaplains Wallace and Robeson with 369th Infantry.

welfare work; the writer, with the assistance of interested soldiers, organized a Bible class in a hut where there hitherto had been only one religious service a week, attended by from 60 to 100 men out of a camp of 3,500. The Bible class grew and gathered strength until a colored chaplain was finally stationed at Camp Lusitania, which by that time had grown to a camp of 9,000.

Some hut secretaries were especially fitted for religious work, and filled the place of a religious worker in a splendid manner. Such a man was Mr. William Stevenson, who initiated and built the work at Camp Montoir. Rev. T. A. Griffith, hut secretary at Camp Guthrie, near St. Nazaire, was another such messenger of the gospel, and during three months of service had 300 accessions to the church; the names of all such men were enrolled on special blanks supplied by the Y. M. C. A., and sent to the churches at home of which they desired to become members. Of course this was work such as was to be expected of any minister, but nevertheless there were some who did not avail themselves of the opportunity. Another such Y. M. C. A. secretary was Mr. E. T. Banks, of Dayton, Ohio. Hundreds would go into battle after having followed him in silent prayer, with knees bent and faces lifted toward heaven, in the land where now "The poppies blow, between the crosses, row on row," and where many of them at this moment "Rest sweet and deep, in Flanders Fields."

In addition to the work done through the Y. M. C. A. religious workers and chaplains, thousands of pieces of religious literature were distributed, including pocket editions of the New Testament, Psalms, and Gospels. These were placed in literature cases so that the men could select those which interested them most, and always the New Testament or small extracts from the Bible would have the largest circulation.

To those of us who went over to cast our lots with the boys in khaki, nothing was quite so inspiring and so helpful as to hear them tell of their faith in God, or to give utterance to a prayer that bespoke the upward groping of a soul, or to hear a thousand voices, deep and rich and rhythmic, bring heaven into a sacred and almost visible nearness, with singing that seemed nothing less than a special benediction to a peculiar people. This was a priceless gift, in a country where all the people spoke a different tongue, and where the great organs in the cathedrals welled forth the only language that brought forth a gospel message to a stranger in a strange land.

In the midst of oppression, circumscription, intrigue, and false and wicked propaganda spread against them by their own countrymen, these colored soldiers fought as bravely as any Americans overseas, and worked with a greater will; and as you saw them going to and from their long hours of labor with a song upon their lips, you became convinced that these men had unconquerable souls; and the tramp, tramp, tramp of their marching

feet made you feel that surely they were walking side by side with the Master, who had said unto them: Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

They are embosomed in the sod,
In still and tranquil leisure,
Their lives, they've cast, like trifles down
To serve their country's pleasure.

Nor bugle call, nor mother's voice,
Nor moody mob's unreason,
Shall break their solace and repose,
Through swiftly changing season.

O graves of men who lived and died
Afar from life's high pleasures,
Fold them in tenderly and warm
With manifold fond measures.

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

Reburying the Dead

SPRINGTIME had come again, but so different from the spring of that other year. Then the voices of spring had been deadened by the thunderous guns around Verdun, Soissons, and Chateau Thierry. Then those guns with their deep and ominous challenge were holding the whole world in tense and fearful waiting. Women of every land were listening with tender yearning and burning anxiety for a word from their heroes on the fields of France. Men of mature years who had been a part of the conflicts of other days could scarce conceal their eagerness for the fray as they gently encouraged those anguished women and commended their wonderful spirit of endurance and patriotism. It was springtime, but the Crown Prince still hammered on Verdun, the Hindenburg line was still unbroken and the foe was not yet hurled back from the Marne in sure defeat. It was the springtime when late, but with grim determination to win or die, the American Forces had at last taken their place in the World Conflict.

But all that was now a part of the past and springtime had come once again in France. Meantime a spirit of change had crept over all the land. After one tremendous shout for victory the world had fallen into the silence that follows a supreme struggle—the silence of exhaustion, the silence of death. Many of the thousands who had pressed

forward in those terrific battles crying "Victory!" had fallen and lain together under the bleak, dark winter skies of France. It was a period, too, of reckoning and realization of the price paid. But springtime had come again in France with its song-birds and blood-red poppies, and with it the quick consciousness that the dead lying en-masse on the battlefields must be given resting places befitting heroes.

Here was a tremendous task for the surviving American soldiers, but far more sacred than tremendous. Whose would be the hands to gather as best they could and place beneath the white crosses of honor the remains of those who had sanctified their spirits through the gift of their lifeblood? It would be a gruesome, repulsive and unhealthful task, requiring weeks of incessant toil during the long heavy days of summer. It also meant isolation, for these cemeteries for the American dead would be erected on or near the battlefields where the men had fallen. But it would be a wonderful privilege the beauty and glory of which would reveal itself more and more as the facts of the war should become crystallized into history.

Strange that the value of such a task did not gather full significance in the minds of all American soldiers. Strange that when other hands refused it, swarthy hands received it! Yet, perhaps, not so strange, for Providence hath its own way, and in those American cemeteries in France we have strong and indisputable evidence of the wonderful devotion and loyalty and the matchless

1. Burial at Sea. 2. Writer's Tent at Romagne Cemetery. 3. Among the Ruins of Dunn-sur-Meuse. 4. Belleau Woods.

began dressing and were sitting wrapped in cloak thinking rapidly about what was happening when someone called, "It is only a fire!" What a relief it was! What did it matter if the whole camp burned in comparison with our boys being goaded by prejudice beyond reason! Rations were often scarce and poor at Romagne because we were so far from supplies, hence we prepared and served food for the soldiers all day long. But this was but a small task compared with that of keeping the men in good spirits and reminding them again and again of the glory of the work they had in hand. Always, whether in the little corner set aside in the Y barracks as our reception room, or among the books they liked so well to read, whether by the side of the piano or over the canteen, we were trying to love them as a mother or a dear one would into a fuller knowledge and appreciation of themselves, their task and the value of forbearance.

We had gone from Romagne—women of fine spirit had taken our place and were lovingly ministering to the needs of these soldiers, when things happened too grievous to be calmly borne. At one stroke down came tents of discrimination and injustice, but the work there went on and the soldiers completed the difficult task assigned them.

For weeks at Romagne we watched these men fare forth with the dawn to find the dead on the 480 square miles of battlefield of the Meuse-Argonne. At eventide we would see them return and reverently remove the boxes from the long lines of trucks and place them on the hillside beside the

waiting trenches that other soldiers had been digging all the long busy day. Far into the night we would sit in our darkened tent looking out on the electric-lighted cemetery, watching the men as they lowered the boxes into the trenches. Sometimes we could hear only a low murmur of voices, and sometimes again there would come to us a plaintive melody in keeping with the night hour and its peculiar task.

Mr. William G. Shepherd, in the New York *Evening Post*, gives the following picture:

"As we moved about the battlefield later, we saw in fields, in groves, on hillsides, and even in the yards of what had been the houses of French villages, groups of Negro soldiers at their worthy but infinitely slow task of calling the roll of our American dead and gathering them together at the hillside rendezvous of Romagne.

"One of the burning pictures of all this war to me was a view of these Negro sexton-soldiers working on a hilltop one rainy evening at dusk. They were outlined against the gloomy sky. Their huge motor-truck stood near by, ready to carry their burden to Romagne. I thought of the home back in the United States where this one doughboy's empty chair held its sacred place; of how the 'home fires,' of which our doughboys had so often sung, had been kept burning for him. I thought of how the heart-love in that home would flash across the Atlantic to this bleak French hilltop faster than any wireless message—if the homefolk only knew.

"It was good to know that he was being taken from his solitary bed, in the midst of the battlefield's desolation, back to the crowd of his buddies at Romagne. This, that I saw on the sky-line, was his second mobilization. Not this time will he sing and romp and play and joke

and fight; after his second mobilization at Romagne he will just lie still and rest with all the other thousands of his fellow soldiers, his job well done, until it is time for us he saved to take him back home."

We have yet another picture. It was the day before the 30th of May, 1919. Every soldier was helping to put the Romagne cemetery in readiness for its dedication by General Pershing on the next day. Looking out from our little kitchen window of the Y barrack, we saw what seemed to us a wonderful sight. Two long lines of soldiers were before us—one moving slowly over the hill and the other coming up the main road—each man bearing on his shoulder a single white cross that would rest above the grave of a fellow-hero. Quickly our mind traveled back over the centuries to Him who had borne the cross toward Golgotha, and we saw in these dark-skinned sons of America bearing those white crosses, something of the same humility and something of the same sorrow that characterized the Master, but we also beheld in them the Christ spirit grown large, beautiful and eternal with the ages. Behind the vivid picture drawn by Mr. Shepherd and behind this other picture, one sees not only the twenty-two thousand homes represented by these crosses at Romagne, but the ten thousand *real* Americans, colored men of the Pioneer Infantries and labor battalions, who, through the sweat of toil, linked that place of sainted pilgrimage on the Western Front with those American homes.

1. Secretarial Group at Challes-les-Eaux. 2. The Lady of Myans—"Black Madonna." 3. The Elephants at Chambery. 4. The Cross on Mt. Nevolet. 5. Statue Jean Jacques Rousseau at Chambery.

1. Military Cemetery at Romagne.
2. Bearing the Cross.

Our outstanding impression of those faithful ones who wore the insignia of Alsace-Lorraine is their strict allegiance to the trust imposed upon them, with heart and purpose fixed to pay the price entailed in the completion of their severe task.

Whether they sought their comrades by the winding Meuse or on the battle-seamed heights of "No Man's Land;" whether they found their bodies in the shadows of the ruined cathedrals of Rheims, Soissons or Ypres, always they were making an unconscious challenge to the very heart of the United States for the rights of the twelve millions of its citizens whose loyalty had thus endured the test.

May we not hope that as the heart of this homeland finds its way to those American shrines in France, a real peace, born of knowledge and gratitude, shall descend upon us, blotting out hate and its train of social and civil injustices? Then shall we realize the value and meaning of the pain and sacrifice of these dark-browned heroes of ours.

What are the things that make life bright?
A star gleam in the night.
What hearts us for the coming fray?
The dawn tints of the day.
What helps to speed the weary mile?
A brother's friendly smile.
What turns to gold the evening gray?
A flower beside the way.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Stray Days

THERE were days of travel from one post of duty to another, and days of recreation that took us away from the camp for a little but seldom away from the soldiers themselves. Army restrictions were as numerous and as intricate as the barbed wire entanglement of the front. But in spite of limitations, and in some instances because of them, we had many novel and interesting experiences in what we called Stray Days.

Waiting, as simple as it seems, could sometimes be one of the most trying ordeals of a soldier's life. This was true of those who reached France in the heat of the conflict to become in some small way a part of it. Arriving in Paris and finding it sorely pressed by the foe, one immediately became a part of the anxious throng within its gates, with scant desire for sight-seeing or visits to places of interest during those tense days. This was especially true if one had known that city when it was all life and light, before the pall of suffering and dread had fallen over it.

Now one preferred to sit in the Garden of the Tuilleries, if the bomb and shell of the enemy permitted it. Looking out upon the huge dark form of the Louvre or letting the eyes wander past the remains of the palace to the Place de la Concorde, it would be most natural that the thoughts or conversation would turn to the long struggle of France for the attainment of an ideal democracy. Usually

the conversation would be with a wounded soldier or sad old civilian of the French who would add much to our knowledge of his people and their history. Or, in those same oppressive days, we would ride past the palatial residences with their fast-closed windows, on the Champs Elysées, out to the Bois de Bologne. Sitting there with face toward Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe, one would come to understand that kingdoms and principalities, builded by selfishness and tyranny, survive but a day. Through the gruesome crucible of the Bastille and guillotine, France had won the democracy that she was now battling to preserve. The grim insistence of this determination could be seen in the wounded men that were ever near us.

But when the French had finally won, life and light once again filled Paris, and with it the urge and joy of long days of sight-seeing for the Americans. Soldiers "on three days' leave" wanted to see luxurious Versailles whatever else was omitted. Others preferred Fontainebleau with its stately palace, or St. Denis with its hundreds of royal tombs. All wanted to go to the tombs of Lafayette and Napoleon. One would find the Chapel of the Invalides crowded with soldiers looking down upon the great sarcophagus of the Emperor, while a Y man related the history. Now and then as we listened, we felt that the shade of the great warrior might be protesting all unseen against some of these original interpretations of his life.

Aside from the best-known places of interest, one liked to go out to Père la Chaise with a group of

men and show them its wonderful beauty, even though a cemetery—show them the graves of great scholars and artists of France, even those of its great lovers like Héloise and Abelard. Often the day would be closed with a restful ride on the Seine, where, somehow, one came into more intimate touch with historical Paris and a keener understanding of it than from any other point. The long dark form of the Louvre; the beautiful Notre Dame with the nearby Hotel de Ville, and the gold-domed Hotel des Invalides are among the dominating views of the famous little Seine, and in them is summed up much of the death and resurrection of a nation. But outside of Paris the footsteps of the world seemed to turn toward Rheims. Rheims with its far-famed cathedral, all war-despoiled, became a place of pilgrimage not only for the devoted French, but for the thousands of foreigners on their soil. Towering above the ruined city, the cathedral, so rich in artistic value and historical associations, stands all shattered and torn. Thirty years to restore, they told us there! Somehow as we looked upon it, standing proudly erect in spite of its ghastly wounds and piles of wreckage heaped high about, it seemed strongly emblematic of its wonderful people, who even then had begun the herculean task of restoring their villages and towns. Aside from walking through the ruins to reach the cathedral and our ride to the fort and battlefield with its never-ending trenches, we have two distinct memories of our visit to Rheims. First, it

was a wonderful way to celebrate the birthday of one of us; and second, a secret service man, posing as a Frenchman, completely won our confidence. Once before in Paris when one of our number had a dinner in honor of the Liberian delegates to the Peace Conference, we found close at our side an American in faultless evening dress. He quite amused us by the way he pretended to be engrossed in his dinner and book, while he really gave himself to listening. A little diplomacy, and his calling was discovered. But at Rheims it was all different. Sprawled on a bench in real French attire with wine bottle in hand, this man spoke perfect French. It was the hottest day we had ever experienced in France, so he opened the conversation with questions about the weather in different sections of the United States, thus locating us. Then came other questions about colored people, their relations and feelings to their country. After a while our little party went to purchase postcards, and when we returned our erstwhile Frenchman had become an unmistakable American. He laughingly revealed his identity. Now, perhaps it was the environment, but, at any rate, we had all stood the test that day of being rather good Americans; even the "buck" private who accompanied us seemed to have forgotten the many grievances of his kind and spoke with a kind of glow upon his face of his home in Baltimore. Our secret service man was well pleased with our Americanism, but we felt rather chagrined that we had missed so splendid an opportunity to share with

him certain truths about colored folk at home that he probably had not learned.

Seeing Rheims, one also wished to see the city so close by and so closely linked to it for all the war. But we had seen Chateau Thierry first. One Saturday afternoon the two writers were started from Verdun with "movement orders" for Paris. But the spirit of adventure was very strong in them. They were in a region that within a year had changed the map of the world and added miraculous pages to history. They were in a sector where their own men, side by side with the French, had fought bravely to victory, so that to see it only from the fast moving train was hardly possible. At Chalons they descended, and so full of their adventure were they that the difficulty of securing suitable lodgings in that city, overcrowded with American officers and soldiers, did not disturb them. Two Frenchmen carrying their baggage, contentedly jogged along with them, now and then offering a suggestion. The old cathedral, one of the finest in France, and the old buildings of the city were well worth the time spent in hunting a place to sleep. Next morning they hurried over to the ruined city of Chateau Thierry with its little Marne that had twice held the world in breathless anxiety. How glad they were to join there two other Y women and a Y man who were also out for a day of recreation! Already they had found the headquarters' company of the "813th," and the colonel of that regiment granted the use of two camions or wagonettes in which they all raced to Belleau

Woods. There Messrs. Kindal and Parks, with Miss Thomas and Mrs. Williamson were faithfully serving those companies of the "813th" that were building the cemetery there and of whom we have spoken. There, too, we found Dr. Wilberforce Williams helping the regular staff. Never was a dinner served in the properly appointed way eaten more joyously than the one to which those ten secretaries sat down that Sunday in Belleau Woods. It had been gathered from devious sources by the soldiers of the regiment and brought to the Y hut, so that the courses would not have pleased an epicurean taste. However, there were few fragments left from that meal.

We have told about the soldiers at Chateau Thierry and Fere-en-Tardenois, but we have not told about our race from one place to the other, about thirty miles, with stops here and there to find our way, pick up hats and caps blown away, and to repair the camions.

That night we slept at Epernay and that is still another story. There, too, we found the city crowded by Americans. We thought we would sit in the depot all night, but the sleeping crowd and steamy atmosphere drove us forth into the clean night air. We were just endeavoring to drive a bargain with the owner of a *voiture* for its use as a sleeping carriage, when a tiny French lady in voluminous black bombazine swept us away to her small apartment with its big feather bed. The next day, having satisfied for the time our desire

for sight-seeing, we most demurely handed in "movement orders" at the Paris office.

During the war Epernay, like Bar-le-Duc and Chalons, was always just on the rim of that gulf of fire and smoke that swept Eastern France. For the most part these cities escaped with only an ugly scar here and there. Verdun saved them, for could the Crown Prince but have realized his dream, they, too, would have been as Soissons, Rheims and Chateau Thierry, mere heaps of ruins.

There were other trips over battlefields and through their tunnels that most of those who went to France had the privilege of making. But it was away from the beaten paths of travelers, and especially along the west coast of France, that these Stray Days afforded us the greatest pleasure. At St. Nazaire there were days when we would leave the noise of the camp and wander down long shady roads, by high stone walls that hid from view beautiful cottages and gardens, down steep inclines to the sea, stepping from boulder to boulder till we would be far out. Then we would rest with the breeze full of the salt of the sea blowing about us. Sometimes we would talk of home and loved ones over there in the west, sometimes of our work, but oftener we would be silent. Looking up we might see a khaki-clad form high above that would come down to us at a frightfully rapid pace. There were lovely moonlight nights when we would stand by the sea-wall on the ocean boulevard and watch the transports that so often filled the harbor, resting on the glistening waves. But there were other

nights when, clad in storm raiment, we enjoyed equally as well seeing the great waves dash over the wall and across the boulevard in turbulent anger.

Now and then there would be a whole day in which we could leave the camp entirely. Then we could go to one of the many little seaside resorts about us—Pornichet, for instance, with its great stretch of white beach, quaint and quiet inns and tempting sea food. There one would go to sleep with the roar of the waves in the ears and the salt of the sea filling the atmosphere.

Now and then there would be need of supplies for our hut that the local *magasins* or shops could not supply, and it would afford a chance for a shopping expedition to the quaint and historical old city of Nantes. Once there we would spend most of the day in the crowded but wonderfully attractive shops. Then we would seek for a *voiture* with a versatile and talkative owner who would show us the points of interest in the old town that had known so much of persecution and despotism. The river Loire, now filled with supplies for the army, was once filled with barges in which hundreds of human souls were drowned. Nantes was one of the important war bases, and was always crowded by Americans.

Another outing took us to Vannes on the Brittany coast, one of the oldest towns of France. In Celtic times it was the capital of Venetis and it takes the honor of giving Venice its name as well as colonizing the Adriatic. Because its inhabitants resisted

Cæsar with so much vigor he said of them "they have bodies of iron and hearts of steel." Looking at the every-day life of those inhabitants of the Brittany coast, one feels that time has brought few changes in conditions and customs. The men driving their cows and sheep on market day, the women and children riding in the carts or walking about the towns, all in the native costume of their class, close the door on the present and, for a time, make one a part of the past. Its old stone gateways and courts, its old squares and old passages and more than all else, its old men and women with their clattering wooden shoes, reveal how little the outer world has penetrated to that ancient spot.

A half day only left for Vannes, and Carnac with its Druid Stones almost thirty kilometres away! How was it to be done? We could not miss seeing such a wonder. There was but one way, and well for us that we did not know then all the army regulations or we would have missed this place now engraven in our memory. But we did not know, so we did the one thing possible, hired an automobile with chauffeur—both French—and sped to Carnac. It is neither beautiful nor ugly, but it is wonderful to see hundreds of gray stones rising skyward out of the heather-covered fields. So regular the rows, so silent the surroundings that one can almost believe the legend that makes them an army turned to stone. There is much of tradition and history in all of this part of Brittany.

Finnistere offered many advantages for outings with the great military port of Brest as the starting

point. To be in Brest in winter was to feel the gloom and penetrating chill of England with the addition during the war period of mud everywhere—earth ground into sinking mire such as only vast and constant movements of men and machinery could produce. It was the greatest port of the war, and men were always there by the thousands. We climbed high above the city one winter evening to visit the men at Camp Lincoln. As we spoke to them that night we saw their faces out of the shadows made by the flickering candles. Months later we spoke again, but in a well-lighted auditorium that had been built for the men as the result of the persistent and successful efforts of Secretary Cansler and his associates. Brest itself is full of historic interest, beginning with the sombre Chateau and its dungeons. But all around it are picturesque spots that lure one away from the town in summer days. One Saturday four Y women and twelve soldiers went by automobile north from Brest about twelve miles and reached the remote village of St. Mathieu. They were then at the most westerly point on the Continent, named by the natives "*Loc Mazi pen ar Bed*," or the cell of St. Mathieu at the end of the earth. But the most important thing there is the ruins of a great monastery constructed in the sixth century. It was bombarded first by the English and again during the French Revolution. On all the Continent we had seen nothing more picturesque than that great roofless monastery with its cloisters and pretty Gothic windows. Covered

1. Down by the Sea in France. 2. Devastated Rheims. 3. A Lighthouse off the Coast of Brittany. 4. The Druid Stones at Carnac. 5. Chamonix. 6. An old gateway at Verdun. 7. Chateau Thierry. 8. Verdun. 9. Ancient Vannes.

with moss and ivy, it stood a monument to the monastic order of its day. Nearby was a lighthouse and all about us were mines, for the village held a strategic position at the entrance to the English Channel. Beneath the sea-wall was a submarine passage that had had its uses in other wars as well as in the last one. From there we rode on to Conquet, a typical little fishing village of the north coast. We ate dinner in a big old room jutting far out on the sea, where the mist fell about us like rain.

How in the memory of thousands of doughboys and welfare workers lingers the picture of Lyons! With its lovely bridges, parks and boulevards, with its great Cathedrale de Fourvière perched high above it, more than any other place it was the "City Beautiful" for the men who rested there enroute to southern France. It was with Dijon, beautiful beyond compare, after the barren of camp life.

There were days in Southern France where, in addition to the interesting outings that were ever a part of the regular program, we made other journeys. Some of our number traveled to Grenoble and to beautiful Nice on the Mediterranean, others went over those picturesque parts that border Spain and some stood by Lake Geneva and spent a night at lovely Chamonix under the shadow of Mont Blanc, marveling at its stupendous beauty. There were vales and grottoes, lakes and mountains to which we went, but there was always the soldier

and one used these Stray Days largely to gather new strength, new vigor for the important task back in the Y hut. One might go many miles away from camp life, but the vision of those thousands of virile lads with soul and body steeled for the hour could not be lost and always sent one back to them with an eager longing to serve better than before.

Afterthought

WE verily believe that consistent adherence to the teachings of the Prince of Peace, is the rock upon which the colored people of America must build the superstructure of their civilization for all their future. It offers the only sure solution for their many difficulties, although it must be accompanied by righteous and indignant protest against injustice.

Some were not anxious for the colored soldier to take a part in the great World War. They felt that it would be a needless sacrifice for something that would bring no tangible results by way of alleviating his present condition; others felt that if he offered his life upon the altar for the principles of a new freedom, the remaining shackles that have so long bound him would be wholly broken.

Neither were correct; for while the shackles have not been wholly removed from his body there have been wonderful results accomplished that have in some measure removed the fetters from his soul.

Approximately 150,000 soldiers, officers and men went to France to represent the colored race in America. Many of them were brigaded with the French, while other thousands had a contact and association with this people which resulted in bringing for the entire number a broader view of life; they caught the vision of a freedom that gave them new hope and a new inspiration.

Some of them received the rudiments of an education through direct instruction; a thing that would not have come to them in all the years of a lifetime at home, while many hundreds had the opportunity of traveling through the flowering fields of a country long famed for its love of the beautiful, and seeing its wonderful monuments, cathedrals, art galleries, palaces, chateaux, etc., that represent the highest attainment in the world of architecture and art. They looked upon the relics left by a people long gone, and saw the picturesqueness of a great and wonderful country, as they took their way from the port cities to the front line trenches, or to the towering Alps, or through the farms and villages of a quaint and thrifty people. And while they traveled they learned that there is a fair-skinned people in the world who believe in the equality of races, and who practice what they believe.

In addition to this they had an opportunity of making a record for themselves that will be in no wise hidden from the generations of the future; a proud record of which the Frenchman took note, and for which he will give them due credit in the true history of the Great World War.

They also had an opportunity to give the truth a hearing before the Court of Justice of the civilized world; the truth with regard to their conduct, their mental capacity, their God-given talents, and their ability for the leadership of men and the accomplishment of results that were a credit to

themselves and to the nation which they represented.

All of these things were quite enough to offset whatever came to them of hardship and sacrifice, of war and suffering, of mean prejudice and subtle propaganda, of misrepresentation and glaring injustice.

They have a right to have a wonderful hope for the future. Nothing but the Hand of Providence could have guided them into a great world maelstrom and brought them out with such wonderful and satisfying results. Their future endeavor should be to a greater extent than ever before along the line of demonstrating to the world their ability to follow that Providence more closely and with a greater faith; to become to the world a living example that the principles of Christianity can be applied with greater and increasing success to every-day life; and to blaze a pathway for themselves whose brightness and beauty will make a plea so eloquent that the ancient doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man will finally become the chief cornerstone of our Democracy.

NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

1. A riot between colored troops and the citizens of Houston resulted in 13 colored soldiers being condemned to death. As a consequence the Des Moines Officers' Training School had its term lengthened by one month, making the necessary time for obtaining a commission, four months instead of three; believing they were to be

denied commissions altogether, many of the candidates went home.

2. See *Crisis Magazine*, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Page 19, issue of May, 1919.

3. From official record taken by soldier who was in Brest at the time.

4. See *Crisis*, May, 1919, Pages 16 and 17.

5. A term of contempt used in referring to the French people.

6. From report of supervisor of instruction for colored soldiers in France.

ABBREVIATIONS.

S. O. S. Service of Supplies. Referred to men engaged in getting supplies of food and ammunition to the troops.

A. P. O. Army Post Office. The post offices were known by numbers so that names of towns giving location of troops would not be placed on paper.

A. E. F. American Expeditionary Force or Forces. Both terms were used, and referred to troops, welfare workers, etc., serving overseas.

G. O. General Orders. Orders issued from general army headquarters.

Det. Detached.

M. P. Military Police.

F. A. Field Artillery.

C. O. Commanding Officer.

D. I. Divisional Infantry. I. D. Infantry Division.

R. I. U. S. Reserved Infantry United States.

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